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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

401 West 59th Street — New York, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

JULY, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM *vs.* RACE PREJUDICE

TWO months ago in these columns I permitted myself some fairly vigorous remarks about the conquest of Ethiopia. I do not affect to be surprised that the expression of my opinion upon that event has aroused opposition. But what does amaze me is the accusation made by some correspondents that I am inspired by hatred of the Italian people and of Italy. One indignant critic asks, "Do you forget all that Italy has done for civilization in the past?" The question is so inept as to be funny. By coincidence, on the day and at the hour that his letter arrived I was giving a talk that was largely a eulogy of what Italy had done for the intellectual and cultural advance of the human race. To emphasize the irony of the situation, I may say (I hope without indiscretion) that I have sometimes had to defend the Italian people against the attacks of Romans. For, as every one knows who moves around in the world, when you speak with a Roman or for that matter a Genoese or a Milanese or a Venetian, just as likely as not he will use some opprobrious epithet of the Sicilians and the Neapolitans, for the same reason presumably that certain Jews of the higher classes refer to some of their brethren as "kikes." On such occasions I have made bold to remind the Romans that Thomas Aquinas was born in the kingdom of Naples and that he was dubbed, perhaps, by Romans and certainly by Germans, "the dumb ox from Sicily." Alphonsus Liguori, another nobleman by blood and by virtue, was also a Neapolitan. In our own little religious society, that of the Paulist Fathers, since we have no canonized saints of our own, we have adopted certain heavenly patrons. After St. Paul, we revere especially St. Alphonsus, and with him an Italian from another province, St. Philip Neri. Further, amongst my own personal favorite saints, I admire and venerate beyond all measure St. Catherine of Siena. Above all other popes, ancient, medieval, modern, I admire

Anti-Italy?

Italian Saints and Heroes

and love Gregory the Great, a Roman. Of those who cannot be called saints but none the less are great moral heroes, no one stands higher in my esteem than Savonarola, and I never cease to marvel at the preternatural talent, the nobility of character, and the phenomenally versatile genius of Michelangelo. How many times I have glorified these and other Italians to the top of my own limited oratorical powers, my critics might learn from my patient hearers. As for St. Augustine—to all intents and purposes an Italian, though a native of North Africa—as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, I venerate him as much as any man may, this side idolatry. I bring him into so many sermons and lectures that I am told I have an "Augustine complex."

My Own Favorites

So it strikes me as ludicrous—nothing less—that because I don't like Mussolini, I am accused of being anti-Italian. One might as well say that because I abhor James Joyce and George Moore and frequently take a healthy swat at Bernard Shaw, I am anti-Irish; or that because I detest the memory of Oliver Cromwell, I am anti-English. As far as frank criticism and the expression of dislike is concerned, I am sure I declare myself more frequently and more vigorously about America and Americans than almost any others, not because I hate America but because I love and admire the American ideal beyond all others and in consequence lament the more when the ideal is violated.

THERE is nothing dearer to my heart, after the defense of the Catholic faith and morals, than the attack upon race prejudice. I hope I am not making this explanation quite too personal, but I know of no man in my own limited sphere who has more ardently preached the Pauline principle, "Neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free." Here in New York City in the face of a rapidly developing anti-Semitism, I have incurred the antipathy of a great many Jew-baiters and Jew-haters by preaching justice for the Jew. And from time to time I have brought down upon my head an avalanche of denunciation because I have championed the cause of the Negro. Add to this the fact that a hundred times or more in forums, at symposiums, at peace meetings I have denounced race prejudice as one of the causes—perhaps the first cause—of war, and you may understand why I have felt it necessary in this same place where my attack on the motives and methods of Mussolini was printed, to disown utterly and with all possible emphasis the allegation that I am "anti-Italian"! That allegation I confess cuts me to the quick. For if there be any theme upon which I have harped more often than upon any other, it is tolerance in regard to race, and if there be any text which I have expounded more vigorously than any other (outside the text of Scripture) it is the wise observation of Edmund Burke, "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people."

Racial Amity and the Gospel

NOW it is possible, indeed quite probable, that next month or in the near future I may have to take up in these pages the defense

Pardon the Ego

of my attitude on the Italo-Ethiopian war. There are rumors and rumblings of a challenge that may compel me to do what I shall not enjoy doing — engage in a controversy concerning the application of Catholic theology and Catholic ethics to that war. But in case it must come, I am anxious to have disposed of the preliminary charge that my convictions in the matter are prompted by race prejudice. I have suffered too much in the cause of tolerance to be indifferent to that charge. And I am after all more the priest than the journalist. A priest is a traitor to the Gospel and to Christ if he permit nationalism rather than Catholicism to dictate his utterances.

A Controversy Pending?

THEREFORE, I beg the patient indulgent reader to pardon these personal references and permit me to reproduce here some portions of a speech delivered some nine months ago at the Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland. My remarks on that occasion have also been alleged as evidence of anti-Italianism. I am anxious to have them here for future reference if need be. The talk was delivered in a sectional meeting devoted to Catholic journalism. The topic assigned by the committee in charge was "The Press as an Instrument of Catholic Action." I started with the proposition that Catholic Action must be *Catholic*, that is to say universal. I cited *L'Action Française*, conducted by Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras, as an example of a movement alleged to be Catholic but really nationalistic. And I went on to say of the truly Catholic Press:

WE may be primarily the mouthpiece of a bishop, or of a certain race or nationality; or of some specific cause, apostolic or philanthropic; or of the interests of a religious order, but if we be Catholic indeed, we shall quickly recognize any issue that demands the universal outlook and we shall automatically think and write in such wise that our opinions and judgments may be applicable to all the world and to all time. It is significant that the Pope, who is at once Bishop of Rome and father of all the faithful, sometimes uses the phrase *Urbi et Orbi*, "To the City and to the World." It is a good motto for Catholic writers and Catholic editors. Not infrequently our *Urbs* is the *Orbis Terrarum*. As the news breaks from day to day, a question arises, an issue is presented, a crisis is reached in which we must instantaneously show ourselves *Catholic*, that is to say universal rather than national or racial or diocesan. *"Tros, Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,"* "Trojan or Tyrian, it matters not to me," says Vergil, and Vergil, as Dante has taught us to see, was a kind of pre-Catholic. And it was a New England Puritan, William Lloyd Garrison, who enunciated the magnificent Catholic principle, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." Even Immanuel Kant's famous Categorical Imperative smacks somewhat of Catholicism, "Act as if the maxim of thy will were to become . . . a universal law of nature." Perhaps we may paraphrase it, "Write as if the expression of thy judgment were to become a principle of universal application."

The Universal Outlook

We must be supra-national,

supra-racial; we must look at all questions in the light of universal wisdom and consider them *sub specie æternitatis*; or we are not Catholic.

And now must I descend to specifications? It is safe to deal in generalizations; dangerous to come down to cases. But I have always thought it intellectually dishonest to take refuge behind glittering generalities. I remember, for example, when Woodrow Wilson propounded his famous principle "Self-determination of small peoples," and applied it to the Belgians, the Poles, the Alsatians, the Lorrainers, the Esthonians, the Latvians, the Czechs and the Slovaks, some merciless realist asked him—or tried to ask him—whether the principle was to be applied also to the Irish. The President, as I remember it, sidestepped the question, and from that moment commenced to lose the credit he enjoyed for impartial statesmanship. The Poles and the Belgians, the Czechs and the Slovaks were small peoples oppressed by our enemies; the Irish were a small people oppressed by our allies. It seemed to make a difference.

Even Jews!

NOW take a Catholic writer or editor who fulminates magnificently against tyranny. Which tyranny has he in mind? The tyranny that oppresses *his* people, or the tyranny that oppresses *any* people, or *all* peoples? Tyranny that falls heavily upon white men or black men, Celts or Slavs or Ethiopians, Catholics or Mohammedans or Jews or Copts? The tyranny of a government that has broken with the Church and *not* the tyranny of a government that has made a concordat with the Church?

When the Jews asked us Catholics to join with them in protest against the persecution of *their* people in Germany, some of our prominent spokesmen in the press, on the platform and over the radio asked the Jews what they had done about the persecution of *our* people in Mexico. It was a shrewd reply, but was it Catholic? Do we sympathize only with those who sympathize with us?

Catholic or National?

"If you love them that love you," says our Savior, "what thanks are to you? Sinners also love those that love them. And if you do good to them who do good to you, what thanks are to you? . . . But do good hoping for nothing thereby . . . and you shall be sons of the Highest, for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

That is to say, charity knows nothing of *quid pro quo*. Neither does justice. We all remember the jingle, "There is no charity like the charity that is charitable to the uncharitable," and though devised by one who called himself a Philistine, it is an excellent Christian sentiment. Similarly and equally justice that is just only to the just is not justice. If an Irish cause does not appeal to a German paper, or a German cause to an Irish paper, neither the German nor the Irish paper can be rightly called Catholic. In the present crisis the London *Tablet*, the *Universe*, the *Month*, the *Catholic Herald*, the *Catholic Times and Opinion* all vigorously castigate Mussolini. But we cannot know whether their zeal is Catholic or only English, anti-war or anti-Italy unless we examine their habitual policy. To be Catholic, a paper must be consistently, invariably, impar-

tially, universally opposed to tyranny and injustice.

I am, of course, well aware that all this demands much of human nature. After all, though we are Catholic we are also American or English or French or Italian. To expect that a Catholic paper in Italy at this moment should disown and decry war-madness (unless that paper, or even though that paper be the *Osservatore Romano*) is to expect the superhuman. That is to say, the supernatural. But we Catholics claim to be guided even in natural affairs by supernatural principles. Furthermore, is it not an essential doctrine of our religion that we are expected to be superhuman? What is the purpose of Holy Communion but to elevate our nature until it transcends what is human? "Have I not said ye are gods? I live, now not I, Christ liveth in me." Those of us who are priests as well as editors constantly remind the people that after Communion they must think and act as those instinct with Divinity. May they not reciprocate and demand that we think and write as though Christ Himself were at our elbow and indeed closer than that?

So, take the case—imaginary or actual—of a Catholic editor who is quick to recognize and equally quick to reprove the high-handed autocracy of Mussolini, but is blind and inarticulate before the high-handed autocracy of Hitler. Is a distinction to be drawn between demagogy in Italy and demagogy in Germany? If an indignant outcry against Mussolini comes from Germany or pro-German lips which remain silent about Hitler; or if an indignant outcry against Hitler comes from Italian or pro-Italian lips that remain dumb about Mussolini, is there not reason to suspect not only the sincerity but the Catholicity of the one who makes the outcry? A true Catholic is not opposed to German tyranny or Italian tyranny: a true Catholic is opposed to tyranny.

SOMETIMES the more discriminating reader of Catholic journals may have reason to doubt not our sincerity but our perspicacity. For example, if we waited until Mussolini threatened the peace of the world with his truculent declaration, "Geneva or no Geneva; League or no League, we are going into Ethiopia," and only then professed to be shocked and scandalized, may not the intelligent subscriber ask, "Couldn't you see from 1922 that this man was a menace? Has he not for thirteen years been violating Catholic principles of right and justice? Where was your Catholic moral theology, and your Catholic ethics all these years?" And are there—can there be—in the present crisis some Catholic editors who look with equanimity or even with delight upon the Italo-Abyssinian conflict because it promises to make trouble for England?

Or consider Hitler. Were there some of us who didn't see whither he was tending? Were we silent? or non-committal, or apologetic? Did our ancestral connections or our natural sympathies, or our resentment against Versailles blind us to the fact that Hitler was on a rampage? Did we need to wait until he threw down the gauntlet to the bishops before we could see how mad a course he was steering? Did we think he could be anti-Semitic and pro-Catholic? If so, what of the universality of our ethics? What of our claim to see and to speak *sub specie æternitatis*?

As with these, so with all questions upon which we as Catholic journalists are called to pass judgment. I cite Hitler and Mussolini only because they happen to be in the eye of the public, not to say in the hair of the public at the moment. But any other examples, past, present or future will do.

If we be *Catholic* and worthy of that magnificent appellation, we must measure up to the commendation spoken by Jesus of the elect,

In the Light of Eternal Principles

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things that you see . . . for I say to you that many kings and prophets have desired to see the things that you see and have not seen them."

Kings of journalism—that is to say, owners and editors of great chains of papers; prophets, spokesmen for what is called the modern mind, are afflicted with myopia: they see only what is under their nose; they have no long vision ahead and no acute consciousness of what has happened before. They are considered interpreters of their own times; they glory in being "of their day." But therein lies their limitation. They are bounded by their environment. They are like the rustic who has never seen the big city, or like the metropolitan to whom the back country is *terra incognita*. Only the Catholic has the universal outlook. In our day it would seem that only the Catholic believes in eternal principles of universal application.

To say this of ourselves is to risk the imputation of megalomania, and we should indeed be megalomaniacs to claim universality of vision and supernatural wisdom, were it not that we come by it not through native talent, not by especially profound study but by Catholic inheritance and Catholic tradition.

This is indeed a high and holy concept of our vocation, but so be it. Any other concept is not the Catholic concept. Unless we have something that others have not, there is no reason why we should continue to exist. The big newspapers and the great magazines have material resources we cannot expect to duplicate. But we in turn have something which they do not even believe possible, a long, long memory of the past, a prophetic vision of the future, the power of seeing the present in the light of eternity and of judging the incidents of the day in view of the principles of unchanging truth and justice. In a word, we are Catholics; what we have to contribute to the world is not action—there is plenty of that—but *Catholic* action.

Preparing the Way

AND now, as exhibit No. 2 in the case of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD on trial for race prejudice, may I present to the ladies and the gentlemen of the jury that is, to the readers of this journal another pertinent document—a briefer portion this time—of a speech delivered in Albany in April on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of *The Evangelist*, the official Catholic paper of that diocese. The topic was "The Ideal of a Catholic Journal." After a consideration of the Catholic editor's duty of ministering to the intelligence and the moral conscience of the individual reader, the scope of the discussion widened, as the following excerpt will indicate:

FAR more important, however, is the matter of international ethics, particularly the ethics of peace and war. I make bold to say that no vehicle of public opinion, daily, weekly or monthly apart from the Catholic Press holds to any consistent policy in its judgments upon the justice or injustice of a war, and the right or wrong of methods used in warfare. In this matter as in all others that pertain to ethics, we Catholics enjoy the advantage of knowing what we believe and why we believe it. When Mussolini flouts the League, though still acknowledging membership in it, when again and again he repudiates even the suggestion of mediation—mediation by the Pope or by the President if he doesn't trust the League; when he uses the most modern and most murderous military equipment to drop death down from the skies upon wholly unprotected villages and entirely helpless men, women and children, the secular papers may indeed reprobate his action, but they will do it because they hate dictatorships in general, or because they oppose Mussolini in particular, because they are pro-British and anti-Italian, or because they have a vague humanitarian sentiment that this is "not cricket." But Catholics have recourse immediately to the traditional ethics of Thomas Aquinas, of Suarez and Vittoria and of a hundred papal documents as set forth briefly in Stratmann or Gigon or Eppstein. The Catholic editor is not left to caprice or prejudice or racial preference for the formation of his judgments. He has the rich tradition of Catholic teaching based upon permanent ethical principle, and the ethical principle in turn supported by divine revelation. So you don't find the Catholic editor blowing hot against Hitler and cold against Mussolini, excoriating Lenin and Stalin but tolerating Calles and Cárdenas though guilty of the same crime.

High Standards of Journalism

ON the other hand there is a vast syndicate of newspapers in America, advertised as the most widely circulated in the nation if not in the world, having scores of millions of readers, and in these papers you find day after day commendations of one dictator and condemnation of another, praise for *Il Duce*, blame for Stalin. They can see tyranny and cruelty as far away as Moscow, but they are quite blind to it in Mexico. So, what kind of vehicle are they to exercise the responsibility of forming public opinion:

Perhaps the most tragic phenomenon in modern life, the most disturbing and demoralizing is excessive nationalism. It creeps into everything, permeates everything, vitiates everything, dominates everything. It frustrates reason, destroys logic, ignores or violates ethics. All things in heaven and on earth, in history, in philosophy, in religion are judged in the light of nationalism. Now from this scourge the Catholic editor is mercifully delivered. For "Catholic" means universal. To the true Catholic the interests of the race come before the interests of the nation. *Homo sum*, I am a man, is antecedent to *Americanus sum*, I am an American, or *Germanicus sum*, or *Italianus sum*, I am a German or an Italian. English or German or French or Italian or Ethiopian, it matters not to me, when justice and right and truth

are concerned. The Catholic editor is bound by no entangling alliances. He weighs Russia and France and Japan and Mexico and England in the one same balance. His views are not colored by partisanship, by national or racial preferences. He may be Irish or of Irish extraction, but he will not on that account be un-Catholic in his opinions and judgments of England; he may be a German but he will not on that account hesitate to apply to Hitler the standard of moral judgment provided by the universal Church. He may be an Italian by birth or by sympathy, but as between Mussolini and St. Thomas Aquinas he will adhere to St. Thomas because Mussolini is nationalist first and Catholic second, or rather Catholic not at all; whereas St. Thomas is Catholic essentially and only incidentally Italian. The master of St. Thomas was Albertus Magnus, a German, his university was Paris, and he himself was not so much Neapolitan as cosmopolitan; his mind was supernational. You may scrutinize St. Thomas from the first article of the *Pars Prima* to the last article of the *Pars Tertia* and in all that stupendous encyclopedia of profound and brilliant argumentation you will find no evidence that his nationality seeped into his logic or that his racial origin influenced his ethics. It is, in a word, the glory of Catholic thought that it casts the light of eternal principle upon all things in the universe.

Supernational

THAT, I think, will suffice for the present. It will, I hope, be retained by the reader together with the remarks on Italy and Ethiopia in the May issue, as a preliminary to the discussion on the ethics of war and peace which I may be compelled to commence next month, either in these editorial columns or in another section of the magazine. Negotiations are in progress. The discussion will take place if certain antagonists insist upon it. But in that event I shall be glad to have as a background this general statement of the journalistic principles upon which THE CATHOLIC WORLD operates.

FEUDALISM, FASCISM—OR DEMOCRACY?[1]

By Fergus Kernan

THERE is an ancient principle attributed to Aristotle which holds that the ultimate goal of all political systems is neither power nor wealth but justice. Dynasts and potentates have consistently opposed this principle. Some have been content merely to label it utopian; others, carrying their indictment further, have declared that it was subversive of morality and contrary to discipline. And the autocrats of the Golden Age, like our own autocrats of the Age of Devalued Gold, called their gods to witness that its practical application would mean the end of the *status quo* and of the full dinner pail.

In the controversy over the proper object of government, the common people or so-called "forgotten men" of every epoch have generally sided with the Aristotelians. And since, as Lincoln pointed out, there are so many of them—they have generally won. Nevertheless the conflict seems destined to be renewed from time to time. The weapons change and the slogans are streamlined by the propagandists to conform to the prevailing issues but the forces are always the same forces and the battle is always the same battle. It is a battle between Democracy and Feudalism, between the state and the estate.

Take, for example, Mr. Mark Sullivan's plea for individualism, a philosophy that has a deservedly high place in America, and try to determine exactly what this apostle of *laissez-faire* is getting at:

"The individualist school of thought," said Mr. Sullivan recently, "contemplates that many will make mistakes and lose their money. It contemplates also that many men who enter a new business will succeed and by their success will cause some already in the business to lose their money. For the individualist contemplates a society in which the 'wish-to-haves' are constantly bringing about a re-distribution of wealth through energies which in the aggregate make a wholesome and vital nation."

Now considered in the light of what we know about the distribution of wealth in the year 1929—the *annus mirabilis* of that temporal order which Mr. Sullivan desires to perpetuate—this sort of philosophy

[1] Editorial Note: The following article seems, in spots, to contradict the opinion recently expressed in these Editorial columns concerning the Rooseveltian program, and more particularly the Rooseveltian method. But it is not the policy of The Catholic World to give a hearing only to those contributors who agree with the Editor. Major Kernan's paper is a straightforward and uncompromising presentation of the case for the President against the "feudal" powers in industry and finance. As such it is presented to our readers. The Editor wishes, however, to borrow the author's quotation from Josiah Royce, "Man is an animal that bears watching, particularly when he is handling other people's money," to justify his own fears concerning the danger to democracy of placing unlimited power in the hands of the President of the United States.

Also when Major Kernan says: "It is interesting as well as instructive to watch the attack which Feudalism is now making on Democracy in the name of liberty," some readers will add mentally, "Yes, and interesting to watch the attack which Rooseveltianism is now making upon Democracy in the name of Social Justice."

With the greater part of Major Kernan's judgments the Editor is in agreement. For the clearness and vigor with which he expresses his views there can be only admiration.

might well wring a sardonic smile from Dives himself on his grid in Tophet. If the above is individualism then we have woefully misunderstood our Jefferson and our Josiah Royce, our William James and our Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. And if it is not individualism, what in the name of Pennsylvania prosperity is it?

The really significant point about Mr. Sullivan's creed, and this goes for a good many others of the pseudo-individualist school, is that into his heaven of the ambitious "wish-to-haves" he will admit no other motive or regulative principle than interest. But it is impossible to build any enduring social fabric on interest. It has been tried again and again and the attempt has always failed. If you seek your regulative agency in interest alone—whether it is the "enlightened self-interest" of the Utilitarians, the predatory interest of the House of Guelph, or the rapacious interest of the United States Steel Corporation—the result is bound to be feudalism.

Feudalism, as the word is used here, does not mean that system of land tenure which we associate with castle crowned hillsides and vassals with bows and bills. It is used rather to denote the concept of private interest as opposed to the concept of the commonwealth. Whenever a clan, a family, a business firm or a pressure-group pursues its own ends unflinchingly and refuses to bear a hand in applying to itself the principle of justice, there you have a feudalism—an entity that is both self-righteous and self-insulated and therefore, by nature, anti-governmental.

It cannot be denied that a certain amount of this sort of thing was necessary for the development of America, just as a certain amount of the old medieval feudalism was necessary for the development of Europe. The Government of the United States could no more have built the railroads in 1870 than the government of France could have protected Normandy against marauding bands of Vikings in the tenth century. The baron of the Age of Iron was too often arbitrary and cruel but he maintained his prerogatives and upheld his privileges by his ability to take and give hard knocks in defense of the countryside. And so when the hardest sort of thinking, the most explosive energy, the boldest bluffing went into the opening of a continent and the establishment of its industries, there was some excuse for the rapacious activity of Carnegie and Harriman and "Bet-You-a-Million" Gates.

The old economic feudalism which went with our period of westward expansion, the individualism which was celebrated by the "barbaric yawp" of Walt Whitman, has an honorable place in the annals of a pioneer people. Our "empire builders" took their profits but they also took the risks of the economic frontier. They were autocrats dominated by the ideal of the job. What Kipling called the "day's work" gave them a sense of responsibility and united masters and men in a community of effort that excluded the dividend drawers and the coupon clippers. Finance was present but it did not preside. It was kept subservient to ownership.

Between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the World War the Iron Age of industry gave place to the Silk Shirt Age of finance. Big business ceased pioneering, ownership and management became di-

vorced, an absentee feudalism without practical responsibility either to the laborer or to the consumer "simply sat pat and collected dividends." In 1933 the government intervened. And since 1933 the history of the United States has been the history of this intervention and the counter-attack of the monopolists. It appears that the system which has made the captain of industry man-Friday to the banker and which has permitted a gigantic concentration of property in the hands of the financier will not be abandoned without a struggle. This struggle is highly significant not only to American Democracy but to Democracy throughout the world. The issues at stake should be clear to every citizen.

Observe that as long as government was merely a political party in power seeking the economic line of least resistance, as long as the state was merely "a group of men and interests engaged in getting all they can out of other men and interests" —the feudalist was perfectly satisfied with the existing order. His problem was simple enough. All he had to do was to pick the right party, to be sure that he was a member of the "in-élite." For over fifty years he had done this so often and so successfully that he had come to identify his own interests and the interests of his group with the ends of government itself. Perhaps he was not quite ready to say *"l'état, c'est moi"* but he was in thorough agreement with Harold J. Laski's dictum that "the opinion of the state can be made to reproduce the opinion of those who hold the key to economic power."

It was an altogether different matter when the state refused to "stand to heel," when government, developing a keen sense of justice could no longer be identified with the political racketeer. Confronted with an authority which he could not manipulate, the monopolist was first astounded, then virtuously indignant, then bitterly vituperative and finally deliberately intransigent. This is the situation which we are facing to-day. Democracy has come of age and the feudalists are making a tremendous noise about it. But perhaps it was hardly to be expected that the 200 odd corporations which control fifty-five per cent of our corporate wealth without sufficient sense of trusteeship among them to equip an honest bootlegger would endure a virile government in stoic silence.

The essence of government is a universality of justice that spells certain and sudden death for the economic feudalist. As William Ernest Hocking puts it:

> "What the state bond means is that, given two men dwelling together in space and time, there you have two men concerned in justice (to take one object of state action as typical), whatever other dealings they may set up between them. . . . It is necessary to the meaning of this bond that it should not be merged with any other, least of all with the clashing interests of the economic groupings."

Thus Harvard's Alford Professor of Philosophy on the state. To grasp the difference between democratic government and feudalism, one has only to set this passage beside Mr. Mark Sullivan's description of the society of worshipful "wish-to-haves" congenially engaged in causing other people to lose their money.

The truth is that the state can never be the servant mechanism of the monopolists. The function of the tribunes from Tiberius Gracchus to Franklin D. Roosevelt has been to insist that no minority, "however reasonable" its bid for power may appear, should be allowed to usurp the authority that belongs to government, *as government*—the residual justice that remains after every pressure-group, every monopoly and every dynasty has been resolved into its component interests. This is why the feudalist of to-day presents the strange spectacle of a recalcitrant martyr who opposes the massive justice of democracy with a fidget of economic self-righteousness. For the first time since the Industrial Revolution he finds his arbitrary will opposed by a stronger will. At long last he has encountered the adult conscience of the state.

But in every age the state's stern admonition, "universalize thine aims," has sounded like the crack of doom in the ears of the feudalists. In twelfth century England a "baron's war" was fought because Henry II. dared to infringe upon the ancient customs of his vassals by giving the realm a national legal system. Before the advent of the Common Law, any powerful noble with an ambitious wish to have another castle or a little more land had been accustomed to seek a re-distribution of wealth by the wholesome and vital energies of his archers and men-at-arms. The very idea that a central authority should presume to inquire into the way a fief-holder conducted his private wars was scouted by the conservatives as the essence of tyranny.

As far back as the fourteenth century the doctrine of *laissez-faire* had been adopted by the feudalists as a stop-gap against the inroads of democracy. When Edward I. proposed his "perfect parliament" in which John the Baker and William the Tailor sat next to the two knights of Oxfordshire, the medieval New Deal was opposed as bitterly on the grounds of constitutionality and custom as the A.A.A. has been opposed by Mr. Ogden Mills. That an upstart monarch should establish a planned economy where only private initiative had governed was condemned as the worst form of autocracy. Men of unimpeachable integrity and high social position went to the block rather than yield their right to hang, draw and quarter their tenants without interference from royal bureaucrats.

The lord-of-the-manor, the monopolist who believed devoutly in the absolute subjection of his retainers has too often claimed for himself an independence which amounted to anarchy. He has also been the first to call upon the name of liberty when his sacred privileges are curtailed by the state. The unmistakable note of feudalism oppressed beyond endurance resounds in the following paragraph from the pen of that Bayard of the Columns, Mr. Walter Lippmann:

"Mr. Roosevelt says that the stockholder's money should not be spent for them by directors in order to obtain good will. What business is that of Mr. Roosevelt's? Where did he obtain the authority to say how stockholders or directors shall spend the money of corporations? Who appointed him the guardian of the stockholders and the arbiter of corporate expenditures? . . . Governments ought not on purely theoreti-

cal grounds wantonly to disturb a custom of the people."

After reading the above one is tempted to remark that not even an oracle of the press ought on purely partisan grounds wantonly to evade the issue. Has Mr. Lippmann never heard Josiah Royce's pithy epigram: "Man is an animal that bears watching, particularly when he is handling other people's money"? Has Mr. Lippmann never pondered the meaning of the ancient question that threw the Roman corporations into unclean dismay some two thousand years ago? Can Mr. Lippmann translate for us: *"quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"* His solicitude for the customs of the people is very praiseworthy but his logic is not above reproach. Is it necessary to point out to him that it was wholly in the interests of the people that Mr. Roosevelt attacked the "custom" of corporation directors buying good will (not to put an uglier name on it) with the stockholder's money?

There has always been discord in marketplace and forum whenever the attempt has been made to control the "hard glittering fabric of the estates." The feudal magnate or the corporation head who finds himself shelled out of his power-bracket by the hand of the statesman generally fills the air with his lamentations and the ante-rooms of government with his lobbyists. A little over two years ago when the "sound money" controversy was raging and the bankers were conducting their campaign against the variable managed gold standard, they had no plan to propose other than that "nature should be allowed to take its course." Their plan was to have no plan but they made it quite clear that they were bitterly opposed to this extension of the state's authority. That a government should assert what Mr. Herbert Agar calls its "basic sovereign power to issue and recall money and credit" found no favor in the eyes of the financiers. The cries of the anguished "individualists" resounded through the country and the invective of Mark Sullivan alone contained enough purple patches to have set up in business a whole college of rhetors.

But what the magnates and their under-strappers really meant was that the control of private exploitation by government is the essence of tyranny. And the strange thing is that they believed it. Apparently they still believe it. Orval W. Adams, the recently elected second Vice-President of the American Bankers Association and heir-apparent to the throne now occupied by R. V. Fleming, is now urging his constituents to declare a credit-boycott against the Administration. Any truly governmental act will raise the bristles on the back of the economic feudalist nine times out of ten.

Thus, according to Mr. Hoover, who follows the general line of feudalist thought established by John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, there is something corrupt in the very nature of government and an odor, as of original sin, pervades the habitat of the state.

"No one believes," says the Great Engineer, "that men who possess the quality of judgment, the ability to direct economic enterprise, the leadership to command in economic life can possibly be selected by political tests."

On the other hand, the financier and the industrialist are supposed

to have access to some source of revelation that is denied the dull-witted politician and the self-seeking statesman. In *The Challenge to Liberty* we are informed that "when free men come together in economic life, they pool a wealth of experience and conscientious responsibility." How the slaves get along is left in complete obscurity. Mr. Hoover makes his point with all the solemnity of a minor prophet who has discovered the imprint of a cloven-hoof on the lawn. "Under coercive coöperation," he concludes, "we find that the determination of method for the joint action is made not by men of large experience in practical affairs but by government agents."

One thing is certain: whenever feudalism is threatened by the hand of the state, the same phenomena are to be observed whether we are dealing with John of Gaunt or John of Salisbury, Mr. Lippmann, Mr. Hoover or Morgan the Magnificent. Always it is the individual that opposes the community, the privilege that sets itself against the principle, the part that seeks to absorb the whole, the tail that strives desperately to wag the dog. In all these manifestations we get a glimpse of something that is anti-governmental, dangerously competitive, almost if not quite anarchic—as though we had succeeded in isolating for a brief moment the germ of disunity that is the specific evil of all political systems. Indeed feudalism, carried to its logical extreme, would mean the return to that primal condition of universal strife which the philosopher Hobbes called "the war of all against all"—a condition which, prior to 1933, we came pretty close to approximating.

Now the remedy which some countries have adopted to curb the warring interest groups has been Fascism. And when the enemies of the New Deal have not been assailing the socialistic tendencies of Mr. Roosevelt, they have been busy compiling and annotating documents which affect to prove beyond peradventure the awful similarity between the present Administration and the Totalitarian states of Europe. It is interesting as well as instructive to watch the attack which Feudalism is now making on Democracy in the name of liberty.

At the present time the entire nation is crying for Democracy. But how many of the publicists whose wailing reaches us daily would recognize Democracy if they met it walking down the street? The late Senator Long held himself to be, and in certain quarters is still held to have been, a true disciple of Thomas Jefferson. In the November *Atlantic* Mr. George E. Sokolsky, who is aghast at Mr. Roosevelt's Fascism, makes out a pretty fair case for the Kingfish as the inheritor of the Jeffersonian tradition. Mr. Townsend upholds one brand of Democracy and Governor Talmadge another, while Father Coughlin, by all accounts, has built up for himself a sort of tribunate without portfolio. Then there is the egregious Mr. Frank R. Kent who believes that the only true Democrats are the "little fellows"—the insurance policy holders and savings bank depositors who have been "chilled to the bone by the cost and futility of the New Deal." To all of which clamor of the scissor-bills, the only remark which seems really appropriate is: *flapdoodle!*

What we must realize is that Democracy must be based on the assumption, and can only proceed on

the assumption that a sense of justice exists in the body-politic; that this sense of justice can be reached by a truly national leadership and thus enlisted in support of deeply held convictions issuing not in promises, platforms and programs but in authoritative governmental acts. Otherwise the history of the American people which is the history of a series of successful revolutions against the political and economic dynasts simply has no meaning whatsoever.

Of course the New Deal is a revolution. It is a revolution against economic Feudalism. And this is precisely the reason why the plain man, the conservative "little fellow" of Mr. Kent, has responded so courageously to the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He may or may not be part of that "moronic underworld" which Mr. William Allen White invented for the comfort of the Republicans; he may or may not be "unable to analyse the simplest issue" but his innate sense of justice is not to be trifled with. For a thoroughgoing, whole-hog, dyed-in-the-wool revolutionary, commend me to your conservative when once it is brought home to him that his principles are at stake. As Georges Clemenceau once said: *"Les bons pères des familles—ils sont les diables."*

Out of the attempt to assert the authority of the state in the name of social justice has come most of the difficulties of the present Administration. By the same token the President's troubles, which are so carefully catalogued by Mr. David Lawrence every week in the *United States News*, are wholly due to the fact that the "Autocrat of the White House" is neither Fascist nor Socialist but Democratic. No Fascist dictator would have striven so earnestly to reconcile the antinomies of the Great American Paradox that has baffled even Mr. James Truslow Adams. No Socialist Cæsar would have been able to hitch, harness and drive those two restless horses—the deeply rooted sectionalism of our frontier heritage and our basic instinct for national leadership. No totalitarian Mumbo-Jumbo would have allowed himself to be blocked for one moment by the Federal principle. It may be true now that "It Can't Happen Here," as Sinclair Lewis points out with his tongue in his cheek. But in 1933 it could have happened here. The road to Cæsarism is easy. Mr. Roosevelt has had a much harder path to follow.

When one hears the socialist, Mauritz Hallgren, accusing the President of "inconsistency," one is inclined to retort "and how!" For Mr. Roosevelt is inconsistent exactly as Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Wilson were inconsistent: he is determined to keep to the middle of the road and preserve the balance between conflicting forces. What would have been easier for him in the first flush of his power than to have gone in for state-socialism in a big way? The nation during the previous Administration had been bought but not paid for by the feudal interests and the truth had leaked out. The people's will had made itself felt overwhelmingly and there was no fight left in the old "rugged individualism." Mr. Hoover had set the stage for cataclysm but Mr. Roosevelt, somehow, failed to invoke the *coup de foudre*. It would have been impossible for the monopolists to have stemmed the flood. The President himself stemmed it.

The only bulwarks private capital had were those Mr. Roosevelt erected and if capital to-day has the strength

to attack him, it is because he furnished that strength. When he had a mandate which would have enabled him to wreck every interest that stood in the way of the New Deal, he stayed his hand. Even now, after the Schechter Decision, the Labor Unions are calling for the nationalization of the railroads, and did Huey Long have no support for his plan to make every man a king? Did Father Coughlin have no support for his fantastic inflation program? Is the "share the wealth" cult of Mr. Townsend wholly without devotees? Were the Crusaders appealing to the conservatives when they put a bonus plank in their platform? Perhaps Mr. Kent will enlighten us in his next article on the "little fellows."

The truth is that if Mr. Roosevelt had wanted to invert the social pyramid as his enemies now claim, if he had wanted that sort of revolution, his task would have been simple. To say that he was primarily interested in reform rather than in immediate recovery is to say that he was primarily interested in r e c o v e r y through democratic institutions and democratic methods. It is to say that he has consistently sought to reach the deeper rather than the more superficial purposes of the nation. The very fact that he has been as bitterly opposed by the Shepherds of Discontent as by the feudalists is sufficient evidence of his success.

The Dictator, the Cæsar of the Crowd, will always adopt a "general line" of fascist or socialist or individualist philosophy. And the responses evoked by his incantations will always be called "the will of the people." The task of the democratic leader is not so easy as all that. Certainly his function is to uncover and put into effect a will that is truly national—but how often does he find such a will already in existence and waiting expression? How often should he, if he has a proper sense of trusteeship, accept as final each ephemeral outburst of fear or prejudice or greed that reaches him claiming to be "the voice of the people"?

There is a profound truth here which we would do well to ponder. Democratic leadership is not only responsive and responsible—it is also permeative. It must plow through the feudal interest levels, through the sectional levels, through the hysteric crowd-levels down to the rock of justice that is innate in the citizen. The act or decision that uncovers to a nation its deepest will is likely to encounter obstacles. Nevertheless Democracy is based on the assumption and can only go forward on the assumption that the people will, in the long run, respond to an appeal made in the name of a common concern for righteousness. If this be Fascism, let us make the most of it.

THE GOLDEN FLAME

By Gertrude Jane Codd

IF the moon rides high on a winter night
I beckon through the cold,
Then wait and watch until my fire
Burns with a flame of gold.

Its golden light shines over me
And over all within,
As through the locked and bolted door
My welcome guests come in.

One comes from monastery walls
With incense round him still,
And two have come from gentle sleep
Under a country hill.

The one who sits beside me wears
A wimple and a coif;
Her lustrous eyes are like the stars
And like a bell her laugh.

And there is one who holds my heart
Forever and a day;
And there is one who made me smile
When all the world was gray.

Within my arms a little head
Is nestled close to me;
Oh, far and wide you could not find
A happier company!

And when the golden flame leaps high
Our conversation blends,
And when it flickers and grows dim
We part, and dreaming ends.

But if we sit there quietly
Or if we talk or sing,
A stranger looking in my door
Would see . . . not anything.

SIR PHILIP

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

HALF-PAST four: the rapturous hour, the magic hour; the hour, in winter, of blending night and day; in Paris, of that tantalizing mingling of the pungent aroma of freshly baked bread, issuing simultaneously from all the *pâtisseries* and *boulangeries* in the city, with the already prevalent fumes of what the English call petrol and the French, essence, and the Americans, gasoline; the hour of interlude between the day's activities which are work and the evening's more strenuous activities which are pleasure; the hour, in short, of tea.

It was cold, it was wet. Without actually either raining or fogging, it was doing something of both. Lights flashing on in shops and along the streets lay in white pools and streamers on the wet pavements. From big streets and little streets, from boulevards and blind alleys, shoppers, tourists, students were all turning from the early darkness and November chill and drizzle to the warmth and light and beckoning hospitality of the *cafés*.

Against his will, Philip Chatterton found himself caught in the swirling current of tea-seekers and drawn into a *café* along with the rest.

Philip Chatterton had no idea what he would do in the *café*. A *café* was the last place in the world, considering his situation, where he had any business to be, but now that he was here, he supposed he must do something. Apparently the first thing to do was to sit down, so he did so, on a long leather seat running along the wall, and behind a marble-topped table. The table had wire legs that curved outward unexpectedly and Philip almost tripped over them as he climbed behind it.

Philip Chatterton was a young man whom you would have described at a first glance as English, at a second glance as handsome, at a third glance as a gentleman, and at every glance as one who had seen better days, and who now was seeing very bad days indeed. He had no hat and no gloves, and his face, hands, and overcoat were too thin. In spite of his good looks, he was a quiet rather than a conspicuous figure, and nobody paid any attention to him except a *garçon* with a predatory eye on the lookout for tips. With more eagerness than discrimination, the *garçon* swooped down on Philip, but Philip frustrated his intentions by shaking his head vigorously.

"*Riang*," he said.

The thwarted waiter retreated and Philip looked about him.

On one side of him a blousy woman with a large bosom buttoned precariously into a worn plush coat was conducting intricate explorations with a file into the mysteries of very long and dirty fingernails. On the other, a girl with crimson lips was shrieking her appreciation of a bored-looking companion's witticisms. A Negress with a green turban wound about her head was drinking with a white man of uncertain nationality. Bearded Frenchmen were reading papers and playing chess. Over the sawdust cov-

ered floor, in and out among the hurrying legs of the waiters and the dawdling legs of the patrons, a sleek cat without a tail wandered nonchalantly, sitting down now and then to add finishing touches to an already impeccable toilet.

A man at an opposite table held an open newspaper before his face, and all whose eyes happened that way were informed, if they did not know it already, that the horribly mutilated body of a prominent government official had been found that morning in the Bois. Philip's eyes, in their aimless tour of the *café*, touched the paper and jerked hurriedly away. A wave of dizziness, almost of nausea, swept over him. He told himself it was the noise, the wreathing tobacco smoke, the light and warmth and close air greeting him after the cold outside, added to this sudden reminder of a gruesome event one could not think of without becoming ill.

But he knew it was none of these things. It was hunger.

It was desperate hunger, and he had to do something about it very soon, or else—

That was the problem. There was nothing he could do about it, neither was there any "or else—"

Leaning back against the seat, he thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pockets and his fingers came in contact with something thin and hard and round. He drew it out and looked at it amazedly.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said.

It was a single franc. He placed it on the table, from which it winked up at him brightly. Lifting his fingers to his forehead in a gesture of salutation, he smiled down at the coin ironically. It was worthy of salutation. Other people were taking coins from their pockets and putting them on tables, or in the hands of obsequious waiters, and thinking nothing, or very little, about it. But those were ordinary coins, set apart from the proletariat of currency by no particular distinction. They had not the precious stamp of rarity which marked his franc.

He had heard about this coin all his life, its actual denomination varying with the country in which he happened to be, whether England, America, or France; he had wagered and given it away, hypothetically, dozens of times; but happily for his peace of mind, he had never actually expected to see it. Few people do, though everybody talks about it. And now here he was, looking at it and it at him. It was a great occasion. It was a great coin, a distinguished coin; in a very literal sense, a unique coin. It was his last franc.

Until this moment he didn't know he had it. He thought he had already spent his last franc, along with several others, in payment on his overdue bill for a shabby room at the shabby *pension* he had left for good. This franc must have got itself hid in a corner of his pocket and waited until now to reappear and add a certain piquancy to his problem—to confront him, rather, with two problems instead of one.

He thought he had only to decide what to do with himself. Now he had to decide what to do with the franc as well.

The first problem remained the graver and he would settle it first, if he could . . .

What does one do in Paris—or anywhere else, for that matter—when one has no money, and no way of getting any, and nowhere to go? In novels (*vide* Balzac) one jumps

into the Seine. In moving pictures, one joins the Foreign Legion. In real life—

Well, this was real life, and he didn't know what one did. Starve to death, probably, which was what he was doing; although without a place to accomplish that end in honorable seclusion, and he had no such place, one would hardly be permitted to do so in peace.

Well! Again he smiled wryly. Fantastic, preposterous, incredible, melodramatic as it sounded, it was nevertheless the stark, inescapable truth. Look where he would—and he had looked everywhere—there were only two exits open to him, two ways out of the cage in which he was trapped: one was labeled Seine, the other, Foreign Legion.

Jump into the Seine or join the Foreign Legion. . . . It was manifestly absurd. It was ridiculous. It was impossible. Cheap, trashy melodrama one saw on the screen or read in the pages of confession magazines. And it was true. It was happening.

Not remotely true, happening to some one, somewhere, but acutely true, and happening to him.

The obvious conclusion was that melodrama does actually occur. People are caught in the maelstrom of sensational and startling catastrophe, but you never believe it until you are among their number. Even then, it is hard to realize. . . . Or sometimes you are beyond knowing it when it does occur. That poor chap who had been done to death in the Bois. . . . Again Philip felt his stomach retch and he pushed the details forcibly from his mind. But it was a story of international proportions. Already they would be talking of it in Chicago and San Francisco and New York, and to all who read it, it would be merely a story in spite of its truth. People starving, people being murdered—melodrama—good stories—until it happens to you.

He rammed his hands deep in his pockets again and stretched his legs beneath the table. Well, he had to do something. Plainly, he couldn't stay here, in the *café*, until he had achieved a lingering and respectable death from starvation. That would hardly be allowed. But what could he do? Purposely he left the problem for a moment, as a watcher for a delayed guest leaves the window, hoping in some unexplained fashion to solve the difficulty by temporarily abandoning it; but when he returned to the problem it was still there. Unreal and incredible as it seemed, it was nevertheless real, as inescapable as the hunger which, no longer localized into a mere physical sensation, now surrounded and enveloped him like an atmosphere, and as tangible as the coin still winking at him from the table.

He sat up suddenly. "I know—you settle this for me, old chap. Heads, the Seine. Tails, the Foreign Legion."

The coin became a frail blur of light and fell with a clink lost in the rattle of glasses and chinaware and cutlery and the babel of tongues that filled the *café*. Philip bent over it, and acknowledged its verdict with a slight bow of acquiescence.

"Heads it is. I am hereby elected to the next headlines in the paper. But first, old son, I spend you."

Wearily, as it had done a hundred times before, his mind traced the steps by which he had arrived at this dilemma; steps which had led to it as imperceptibly and inevitably as red leads to orange, and thence through the range of colors to vio-

let, in the spectrum. It was easy, as in every dilemma, to blame the disastrous outcome on some specific circumstance; *if* he'd only stayed home and taken a job—but that *if* depended on another, and so on, back to the inescapable conclusion that it all depended simply on the fact that he was himself.

His father was English and had been killed in the War. He had left behind him some fragments of verse from which it was deduced by the immediate circle of his acquaintance that his reputation, if he had lived, would have become world-wide—and who should say that this was not the truth?

The *ifs* began here. If Philip's mother, who was an American, hadn't taken him to England soon after the War and offered him up on the altar of his father's memory, before which a trio of tightly-laced maiden aunts were the high priestesses; if his own nature hadn't made him a willing victim to such sacrifice; or if, having thus wrought upon him, his mother hadn't dragged him back to America, his head full of nonsense, his speech and manners incurably English; if she hadn't taken him to Plattsville, Indiana, and put him at school in Plattsville High; if he hadn't followed his father's example at least to the extent of a certain facility for words and a desire to work with them as a painter works with colors, to handle and shape them as a sculptor shapes clay; if he hadn't, when America seemed most unbearable, won a prize for a story sufficient to take him to Europe, where he believed, poor ass, that as he had begun, so he would go on, if not to win prizes, at least to support himself; if Plattsville . . . if Miss Burry . . .

But to reason that way was to deceive himself. Not any, not all of those episodes, occurring to a different person, would have led to these results. It was, rather, that particular combination of circumstances acting on the raw mass of aspirations and impracticalities that was himself which had landed him in this *café* on this night and would, if he kept his bargain, land him in the Seine before morning and in the headlines of the papers the day after. (Unfortunately, the prospect of the publicity which would thus accrue to the name of Philip Chatterton brought him no consolation.) He could not, if he were honest with himself, blame anyone or anything, not even Miss Burry.

Emmeline Burry—his *bête noir*, his evil genius—the memory of whom even in his extremity he could not escape. Emmeline Burry, teacher of English in Plattsville High, with that fringe of faded, graying ringlets hanging around her faded, graying face; with her fluttering eyelids and fluttering hands and long, fluttering throat; with her tucked, lace-trimmed, unmodish blouses that were never pressed and never quite clean—what had he, Philip Chatterton, in his youth and innocence done, to deserve the awful punishment of Emmeline Burry's admiration?

Was it not bad enough, in the eyes of Plattsville High, to be the son of an Englishman and the supposed heir of his talents, without having his parentage and abilities dragged down to the level of Miss Burry's degrading enthusiasms? He could write superior prose, and that, to Plattsville, was an offense. He had English manners and English speech, and that was a crime, and

these two facts together made him an object of ridicule to Plattsville High and an object of admiration to Miss Burry. In time, he was sure, he could have mended his ways. He could have lived down the stigma of his English past. He could have got himself regarded with at least toleration for his sufficiently American present, if it hadn't been for Emmeline Burry. But he couldn't live down Emmeline Burry. Not the devil himself, he was sure, could have lived down Emmeline Burry.

She deferred to him in class. She asked his opinion about everything. She made him take her classes when she was absent, and she was often absent. She made him define words and explain passages obscure to the less enlightened minds of his classmates—and she made it plain that she considered them less enlightened. She made him read sonnets and essays out loud as examples of how English poetry and prose should be read. She read his compositions out loud as examples of how English prose should be written. She made him into an insufferable prig and put him on a pedestal for all Plattsville High to hoot at.

And Plattsville High hooted.

Philip squirmed and wriggled on his pedestal and did his best to fall off but he never quite succeeded. If he tottered dangerously near the edge, Miss Burry with firm hand shoved him back on again. She shoved him on and cemented him there for good and all with the Sir Philip episode. After that he was never in any danger of toppling again.

It was a warm day and Philip was one of a group of pupils clustered after classes about the drinking fountain in the main hall. He had stepped up to the fountain and was filling his paper cup when he saw Miss Burry approach. She approached with little fluttering movements and stood directly behind him. A sickening premonition seized him. He knew what he was going to do—what he couldn't help doing. Habit, stronger in this instance than even self-defense, subdued and controlled his impulse, if not to throw the water in Miss Burry's face, at least to drink it himself, and to stand there and keep on drinking with his back to Miss Burry until Miss Burry got discouraged and went away. He wanted to drive Miss Burry away thirsty if he had to drink up the whole fountain to do it. But he didn't do that. He did, on the contrary, the one thing in the world he wanted not to do: he turned with a bow, and offered the cup of water to Miss Burry.

"I'd like to spit in that," he thought. Unfortunately no one heard him think.

Miss Burry least of all. And therefore Miss Burry fluttered. Her eyelids fluttered. Her dingy lace fluttered, and her ink-stained fingers fluttered above it. Her heart, no doubt, fluttered beneath it: Philip Chatterton, though young, *was* good-looking.

"For *me?*" Her voice fluttered—in the hearing of fifteen or twenty of Plattsville High's most merciless youth. "Oh-o-oh—*Sir Philip!*"

Sir Philip. . . . The name, of course, stuck, applied with the most indissoluble of all cements, ridicule that has a certain appropriateness. He could never live it down, he would never be allowed to forget it—certainly not in Plattsville, probably not in the entire U. S. A.

Therefore, when his first dazzling stroke of luck came, he fled. His prize money was enough to take him

to Europe, and to Europe he went. His mother was no longer living and he had nothing but unhappy recollections to bind him to America. Neither had he any assets but his ability, and at that time—he smiled now at his ingenuousness—he still believed it was an asset. In Paris he foresaw struggle, but also the fruits of struggle. He would continue to write, he would work like the very devil. In a sympathetic atmosphere he would gain freedom and confidence, he would sell his work—at least some of it. It did not seem unreasonable to expect a certain degree of success.

That was his plan—and this was the outcome of it. He had been here a year and he had sold nothing. In leaving America he had put behind him the chance to make a living by doing other things while he waited for the acceptances which never came. America did not want his writings, Europe did not want his services. He had done the wrong thing at the wrong time, and here he was.

Next time he would know better. He was willing to profit by his mistake and begin again. But there is no next time. There is no beginning again. There is just a going on. You cannot return to the place whence you started, you cannot even stop on your course. As you have begun, so you must go on, whether you will or not. You have nothing to do, nothing to decide—except how to spend your last franc.

To this there was several answers: *Café au lait* and a *brioche;* apples; cheese — several answers, but all resolving themselves into a single answer: food.

A *garçon* with a laden tray approached, and Philip half rose in his seat to hail him. The waiter caught his eye, bowed his acknowledgment of the summons, put his tray down. Philip, appalled, recollected himself. He must not spend that coin. It stood between him and the Seine. While he had it he was safe. He swept the franc from the table and made for the door.

A noisy group on their way out jostled him. For a moment the room spun round him again. How he got out, he did not know; but a sudden prickling cold struck against his face, and he found himself on the pavement.

He turned up his collar against the drizzle and held it close about his throat. Undecided where to go, he reminded himself that it did not matter at all where he went. So he let his feet take him where they would and they took him down a succession of dark crooked streets and introduced him suddenly to the bustle and bright lights of the Boulevard Saint Michel. Mechanically he turned toward the Seine.

A woman lurched against him and he avoided her. She called some taunt after him, laughing shrilly, but he went on, unheeding. It took all the concentration he was capable of simply to keep going, to remain aware of his purpose and his surroundings. He was becoming light-headed. He felt, as one does in a fever, that everything about him was unreal and far away, and as if he himself consisted, not of a whole, but of several pieces remotely separated from each other—his arms and legs detached from his body and way off somewhere—yet still curiously responding to his control.

Responding, but not too well. . . . He stepped back on the curb before a volley of shouts and imprecations which issued from an autobus

brought suddenly to a jarring halt by his too close proximity, just in time. But why just in time? Why not an autobus as well as the Seine? Why struggle even as far as the river? Why prolong the farce any more?—He would go into the next *pâtisserie* and buy a *petit pain* or a *croissant*, thus keeping his idiotic bargain with the franc. It amused him to do that. Then he would give up gladly, willingly, with relief. He would stop fighting against the current, he would acknowledge frankly that it was too strong for him and that he had reached the open sea at last.

There was a *pâtisserie* in the next block. He started to turn in and almost stumbled over a lady in distress.

It was a very small lady in very great distress. At first he was in some doubt as to whether it was a lady at all, but there could be no doubt as to the distress. The matter of sex was hardly to be determined by the garments it wore, but Philip knew intuitively that it was a lady, in spite of the fact that it was giving vent to unladylike sounds and digging its fists into its eyes and its nose needed wiping.

Philip halted and looked down. Such obvious anguish demanded recognition from one in equal, if less evident, misery. Across whatever differences of age, station, or nationality, the brotherhood of the sorely afflicted recognize each other, and clasp hands. On the wet pavement before the weeping child lay a wreckage of pastry which a small dog was making haste to transfer from the sidewalk to a place more to his liking.

"Qu'avez-vous?" said Philip.

The child gulped and looked up. She drew in her breath in long, noisy gasps. Philip, who had a handkerchief, stooped and performed a needed operation for her. She did not resist. He repeated his question.

The child poured out her trouble in a flow of French whose drift Philip managed to understand. She had been sent to the shop for cakes. On her way out a dog had jumped and barked at her and she had dropped the cakes. One saw that the loss was irreparable. She had no more money and she did not dare go home without the cakes. Retribution would be swift and terrible. Holy Mother in Heaven! What was one to do?

Philip pointed to the middle region of the dog, where the cakes, to the last crumb, were now safely lodged.

"Combiang?" he wanted to know.

The child gasped again.

"Un—un franc, monsieur."

When they came out into the street again the dog was gone, and of the original cakes, only the water-soaked paper that had wrapped them remained. The child clutched her replenished supply of pastry and darted off. Philip stood moving the wet paper idly back and forth with his toe and staring in complete bewilderment at an article he held in his hand: a bill folder full of notes. Twenty-franc notes, fifty-franc notes, hundred-franc notes.

He was partly angry, extremely uncomfortable, and utterly nonplused. Some one or something was playing a trick on him—an abominable trick—or else his light-headedness had gone into delirium and his delirium into hallucination. Or was this a case of changing pumpkins into coachmen or mice into glass slippers or some such juvenile nonsense? But no; nothing had been

changed into anything. When he had put his hand in his pocket in the shop to take out his franc to pay for the cakes, the franc was still there. But in his pocket also was this folder, and in the folder were bills. . . .

He moved over to a street light and examined the wallet more closely. It was of plain leather, without ornament, address, or name. He looked inside the compartments: No papers, no cards, only the money. Enough money so that, probably, tomorrow's papers would run an ad: "Reward for the return of . . ."

There would certainly be a reward. This of course was an accident—the reverse of having one's pocket picked. As the first shock of discovery subsided, he realized that some one, probably in the *café*, possibly in the jostling crowd on the street corner, had been near enough to him to have thrust the folder into his overcoat pocket by mistake. The reward for its return would at least be sufficient to buy a meal or two, and under the circumstances Philip felt justified in claiming a modest proportion of it in advance.

He looked quickly around for a restaurant, spotted one directly across the street and dove for it, emerging miraculously intact after a brief but perilous encounter with the swirling current of the traffic.

He ordered a dinner in which beefsteak was a conspicuous item, supplemented it with red wine, cigarettes, and a serious doubt as to whether he was himself or some one else, alive or dead, awake or dreaming.

He sat for some time, watching the scene around him through the haze of tobacco smoke to which he now contributed, drawing it deeply into his lungs and letting it out in long exhalations; and little by little he began to be aware that he was himself, that he was alive, that he had had a good meal and might tomorrow have another, and that he was comfortable.

When he had reached these several satisfying conclusions, he called the waiter and asked for the bill. With admirable nonchalance he took from the folder a twenty-franc note and laid it on the plate with the *addition*. While waiting for the change he sat smoking and wondering what he would do next.

The answer to that was simple. He would go back to the shabby *pension* and reëngage his room for the night. He had left there a bag containing a few clothes and a great deal of manuscript. He had told them he would call for the bag later, but he meant that it should rot first. He would have no need for it where he was going, whether into the Seine or the Foreign Legion. . . .

Now, by some trick of chance, or the intervention of fate, or a caprice of the gods in a jesting mood, he was granted a reprieve. It might not prove to be a commutation of sentence, but a reprieve is a reprieve. He was safe for to-night. After that, anything might—

The waiter returned, and with him was an *agent de police*.

"This is the man," said the waiter.

The *agent de police* tapped Philip on the shoulder. "A brown leather bill folder, *monsieur*," he said, "containing money. You have it?"

Philip stared. The *agent de police* repeated his question.

"Why," stammered Philip, "I—why—I have such a folder, yes."

The *agent de police* took it from him and examined it quickly.

"It is the article," he said. He looked at Philip from under his

brows with that peculiar ferocity, at once bristling and penetrating, of which a Frenchman convinced of the justice of his cause is so admirably capable. "Come. I place you under arrest."

"But," protested Philip, turning scarlet under a battery of eyes directed at him from all quarters of the restaurant. "That wallet—I did not steal it—I—"

"Name of a name," ejaculated the *agent de police* in an outbreak of frenzy, "do I accuse you then of stealing? Do I use the word thief? But no—a thousand times, no!"

"What, then?" asked Philip, getting awkwardly to his feet. His chair, top-heavy on its thin wire legs, went down behind him with a clatter, and those who had not looked at him before did so now.

"Murder," said the *agent de police*. "This wallet—" He struck it with the back of his hand in a dramatic gesture—"you thought in the press of other matters we would not observe its loss. You believed because it had no name in it you could display it in public places without detection. Bah!" He placed the wallet in his own pocket and seized Philip by the arm. "It is this very wallet we have been seeking all day. Come, then. I arrest you for the murder of . . ."

And he named the prominent official whose horribly mutilated body had been discovered that morning in the Bois.

It was again the hour of tea, but it was broad daylight, and the haunting smell of early spring, inescapable even in cities, was added to the aroma of freshly baked bread and the fumes of gasoline.

A young man strode to an outdoor table in a corner *café* and sat down. He wore a neat gray suit and a gray felt hat pulled well down over his eyes. Beneath the hat a shock of disheveled blond hair showed. His features were pleasing, but his expression was grim.

A few people, glancing at him casually, looked a second time with frank interest. Some stared openly. Others, pretending to better manners, nudged or kicked companions surreptitiously beneath tables and imparted cautious information: "Don't turn around and stare—pretend to be looking for the waiter—but if you get a chance—that young man in gray, with the soft hat—Philip Chatterton, you know—nearly guillotined last month for the murder of the cabinet minister . . ."

Yes, they knew, and he knew that they knew. His mouth set in a straight line and bitterness welled up within him. Everybody in the whole damn world knew, from the King of England and the President of the Republic to the *concierge* in the *pension* and the waiter who came to take his order. He avoided the waiter's eyes as if he had indeed committed the abominable crime for which they had tried, condemned, and so nearly executed him, on the evidence of that filthy wallet planted in his overcoat pocket by a clever trick. Some one, seeing him that fatal night in the *café*, had picked him out to be the dupe, rightly judging that a young man of such appearance who found money on his person would not hesitate to make public use of it . . . precisely as he had been witless enough to do. Only a long-neglected clue, followed at the last minute with surprising results, had saved Philip's head. It was then too late to save his reputation. That was gone forever.

He was public property now, all

of him: his appearance, his habits, his past, his work. His work.... He took a letter from his pocket, opened, and read it. His mouth twisted wryly as he did so, and he felt a sudden surge of sickness as he had that night in the *café*, but hardly for the same reason.

The waiter brought him his drink but he pushed it aside. Producing a fountain pen, he turned the letter over and scribbled on the back:

"Editor, Woman's Home Life,
Carlin Publishing Company,
New York City, U. S. A.

"Dear Sir:

"Six months ago I was starving to death. I need hardly remind you of it—the miserable fact is history by now.

"Before that, I sent to you and every editor in America, God knows how many manuscripts, none of which you deemed worthy of acceptance. They represented the best work I have done, but you regretted unanimously that you had no room for them in your magazines.

"Then I was arrested for a murder which I did not commit.

"Immediately every manuscript in my possession was snapped up. Room for them appeared as if by magic in these previously overcrowded magazines. My output is now consumed, and you and others like you are bellowing for more.

"Inasmuch as your interest in my work can hardly be said to spring from an appreciation of its merit, my answer to your request for a serial is, my dear sir, you may go to hell.

"Yours truly, etc."

Sipping his drink, he read this over two or three times. His face became a shade less grim—took on, in fact, a certain satisfaction. He folded the document and sat creasing it thoughtfully for some moments. Then from his inner pocket he took an envelope, stamped, addressed, but unsealed, drew from it a neatly typed letter, and read this also.

"Editor, Woman's Home Life,
Carlin Publishing Company,
New York City, U. S. A.

"Dear Sir:

"Thank you for your letter which I have just received. Naturally I am pleased that you like my work. I shall be happy to submit to you my next novel with a view to serialization in your magazine.

"The terms you suggest are satisfactory, and in working out the serial I shall keep your requirements in mind.

"With sincere good wishes,
....."

To this he signed his name, replaced it in the envelope, and sealed it.

Finishing his drink, he paid the waiter and left the *café*, followed by the eyes of a few curious.

The letter he had scribbled in the *café* he returned to his pocket. The other, signed and sealed, he dropped in the nearest letter box.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM

An Appraisal

By Albert R. Bandini

IN the field of history there is always a chance of making some striking discoveries—striking, that is, to the amateur student, although to the mature professional they would probably be an old and flat story. Discoveries, for instance, of this kind: that King Priam was a contemporary of King David. They never heard of each other, very likely, even though Jerusalem was not farther from Troy than New York is from Cleveland. Or that Rome was founded at the time when Isaias flourished. Such unexpected *rapprochements* are a part of history's fascination.

At other times, instead of the synchronization of unrelated events and persons, one comes suddenly to realize that a number of important facts and a number of important personages that one has known, as it were, separately, actually cluster together and impinge one upon another on a small section of historical time, like actors in a play coming at once from every wing to crowd on a narrow stage. Such especially glamorous periods are those known, for instance, as the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Louis XIV. Greatest of all, perhaps, the Age of Leo X. This last "Age," however, falls into the framework of a larger historical movement, the Renaissance. In no other epoch of the world was mankind in such creative—and revolutionary—mood as during the Renaissance. The extent of this period is indeed somewhat vague: some historians stretch it as far back as Dante and even farther, but I am considering now the Renaissance at its peak, roughly those two-three score years astride the boundary between the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. A summary list of great events in those short years includes the Discovery of America and the subsequent explorations and conquests; the spread of the art of printing; the introduction of gunpowder; the Lutheran reformation, the English schism, the Catholic counter-reform; the revival of ancient learning and the rise of literary national languages and national consciousness; unmatched achievements of the arts—and meanwhile wars without end, big and little, whose most appalling incident was the Sack of Rome.

We cannot admit, however, the complete uniqueness of that tumultuous Renaissance period because such admission would contradict the established axiom that "history repeats itself." Sometimes it is hard to discover history's self-plagiarism: its repetitions are often played, like musical variations, on a different key and the principal *motif* is so heavily disguised or overloaded that it can be recognized only by the well-trained ear. But, in the case of the Renaissance, it is possible to discover without undue effort a striking parallelism with the period spanned by this very generation: the two-three score years astride

the boundary of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It seems that it has taken four hundred years for mankind to collect its energies for a new leap ahead—or, at any rate, for a new leap.

We may list in two corresponding columns the achievements or the deeds of the Renaissance and of this Our Age: against the Discovery of America we may place the Settling of America (the latter being a much larger event, as far as movement of population is concerned); against the Rise of Protestantism we may place the Rise of Communism which also is a sort of heresy, in the social field; against printing by movable types we have printing by linotype; the application of gunpowder to war uses finds its counterpart, much magnified, in dynamite and TNT; if Copernicus advanced a new theory of the solar system, we have half a dozen new theories of the universe. Indeed, as to scientific progress we easily out-distance the Renaissance, while we may concede that probably we are left behind in the field of art. As to social unrest, though it is a rather chronic disease, yet it has reached in our days a no less acute point than it did four hundred years ago, and—finally—as to war, we have surely done better than the Renaissance even if we had to take our wars in one large lump; we cannot point to a Sack of Rome but we have at least fair runners-up in the bombardments of Paris and London.

We are not in a position, at this time, to gauge the relative importance, in the history of man's progress, of the two periods we have sketchily compared: it is possible that after another four hundred years it will be common opinion that our epoch has been immeasurably superior to any preceding one. It will perhaps be confidently asserted—then—that no Age of the world could possibly compare with the Age of the New Deal.

Even if the verdict of the future should be in our favor on the points of general historical magnitude of our age and its contribution toward the progress of the race, I doubt very much whether posterity will be able to recall, out of the mass of our contemporaries, so many striking individual personalities as we do out of the pageant of the Renaissance. Distant perspective, involving people and background, may cause to grow some figures hardly prominent now and to shrink other figures that are now outstanding. Yet the roster of our big men will hardly yield such significant names as we can mention from the Renaissance *Who's Who* (I bundle them all together as they come to mind): Copernicus, Columbus, the Medicis, Savonarola, Thomas More, Calvin, Luther, Erasmus, Henry VIII., Henry IV. (of Portugal), Ariosto, Ignatius Loyola, Leo X., Alexander VI., Leonardo, Rabelais, Michelangelo, Holbein, Dürer, Raphael, Aldus Manutius, Cellini, Pietro Aretino, Cortes, Francis I., Charles V. . . . the list could be considerably lengthened. A tremendous vitality seemed to teem, then, in the mass of mankind, an appalling energy for good and for ill, spawning upon the earth monsters and geniuses. In comparison, our contemporary great men seem rather pale, but that may be an optical distortion: it seems agreed that men have to be dead a few hundred years before their true worth may be estimated.

As a test of what the passing of time does or does not do to historical

figures we may take the case of Erasmus, Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, most celebrated among the Renaissance scholars who took to themselves the name of Humanists. Briefly sketched, the main facts of his life are as follows: He was born in 1466, plain Gherard von Gherard a name he later Latinized and Grecified into Desiderius Erasmus through a fancied etymology. Studied at a convent school, was persuaded to join the Order of Augustinian Canons. Was ordained priest in 1492. Left the convent to act as secretary to a bishop. Obtained from Rome a release from the obligations of an Order member and thenceforth lived rather as a celibate layman. He retained his ecclesiastical garb and his standing as a cleric but held no clerical office. He traveled extensively through Germany and the Low Countries, repeatedly visited England and France, traveled in Italy, died at Basle, Switzerland, in 1536.

By his contemporaries he was held in great honor as scholar and author, indeed he was recognized as the Prince of Humanists. The intelligentsia of the age admired him, kings and popes were his patrons, artists like Holbein and Dürer were eager to portray him. In England he had such exalted friends as John Colet, Dean of St. Paul, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury: Thomas More was his intimate. In an edition of Erasmus's works (Leipzig, 1736), I find a prefatory series of "blurbs" consisting of testimonials from letters by high personages in praise of the author. Pope Leo X. heads the list, commending "your high deserts, proved most emphatically by the lasting results of your studies everywhere celebrated and by the consensus of all the most learned men." Pope Adrian VI. is a bit more conservative, though the author's countryman: "There is in you a great intellectual power, a varied erudition, a facility in writing which few others, if any at all, possess." Paul III. was more generous than his predecessors in his opinion of Erasmus: "We have always loved your renowned name and have held your scholarship in high esteem and so your letters have been most welcome to us especially since they give evidence of your piety besides showing the customary elegance and wisdom of your writings." The same Pope offered Erasmus a cardinal's hat if he would reside at Rome: this offer, however, came too late in Erasmus's life, having been made in 1535. It must also be noted that Erasmus, in the later years of his life, had definitely and openly aligned himself against the Lutheran movement, while for some time his conduct had been open to suspicion.

Most lavish are Erasmus's praises from Henry VIII., Charles V., Sigismund of Poland, Francis I., and from many cardinals, bishops and noted *literati*. Even Luther (before his final breach with the Church) writes to him: "You are our glory and our hope. . . . Is there indeed anyone whose home Erasmus has not entered, who is not taught by Erasmus, over whom Erasmus does not rule? I speak, of course, of those who love letters."

Erasmus's fame was based on his Latin works, all rating as "best sellers": the *Colloquies* which was first printed as a small collection of short conversational pieces for the use of students, something like our "Manuals of Conversation," but

grew with every succeeding edition by inclusion of new dialogues on all sorts of subjects, political, religious, philosophical, in the classical tradition. Even more popular was the book of *Adages*, this too growing from a collection of a few hundred proverbs culled from ancient literature to a vast digest of 3,600 items. Sixty editions of the *Adages* were issued during the author's lifetime: the book was the result of immense erudition but was made especially interesting by the pithy and witty comments of the compiler. Erasmus is better remembered to-day as the author of *Praise of Folly*, a short book or a long essay, intended to show that Folly rules all men and that Folly alone can make men happy. The book was dedicated to Thomas More. Published first in 1511, it went through seven editions in four months, twenty-seven during the author's life. Erasmus published also books of piety, like the *Christian Soldier's Manual:* supervised editions of the Fathers, a critical (for the time) edition of the Greek New Testament with a classical Latin translation meant to replace the Vulgate, Paraphrases on the Gospel, controversial pieces as the treatise "On the Freedom of the Will," against Luther; not to mention poems, epigrams, prefaces and other occasional works. Immense was Erasmus's epistolary activity as every distinguished person in Europe corresponded with him. It is said that at times he wrote up to forty letters a day, requiring the help of several secretaries. More than three thousand of his letters have been published: many authorized, and unauthorized, collections of such letters were printed in the author's time. Indeed letters were then written with an eye to publication; often the epistolary method was a well understood literary trick to air in public the author's opinions, as it is the case now with presidential or politicians' letters. No other literary man, except perhaps Petrarch or Voltaire, ever produced such voluminous correspondence as Erasmus. Through it he achieved wide influence, he became the intellectual king of his epoch, was consulted by every thinker and assumed the rôle of educator of princes and peoples. It may be said that he became a power as a molder and arouser of public opinion. This social force, public opinion, could hardly exist before printing—and reading—became widespread. It is hard to gauge, even in our day, the force of public opinion: at any rate, it became articulate in Erasmus's time, due a great deal to his work. He was something like an influential editorial writer: possibly he was more like a popular columnist, since wit and satire seem to be more properly the field of the columnist. We must, however, compare Erasmus to the great American journalists of the age, now gone, when the press was a vehicle of ideas and not merely a commercial enterprise with a social purpose thrown in, if revenue producing.

The comparison appears all the more apt because Erasmus's language was not a mere classical imitation. While patterned according to the rules and the genius of the Latin tongue, it was up to date, it was "journalese" in the best sense of the word: a living, vivid thing and pliable to all the needs and the moods of a changed social *milieu*. It was, in fine, shot through with the personality of Erasmus, possessing that elusive thing which we call "style." Other Humanists may

have been better able to reproduce the flavor of Cicero's or Sallust's prose, or Vergil's verse, but none could write so sparklingly and with so deep an individual stamp as Erasmus did.

Undoubtedly, then, Erasmus was a great man to his contemporaries. For some time his fame continued undimmed. In 1622 the city of Rotterdam erected to him a statue with these inscriptions on its base—in Latin and Dutch: "The foremost man of his century"—"The most excellent of all citizens." But a writer who visited Rotterdam before the beginning of this century describes the statue thus: "Erasmus is in furred gown and cap, a little bent forward as if walking, in the act of reading a large book. He stands in the middle of the marketplace surrounded by heaps of vegetables, fruits, and earthenware pots and pans. I do not believe there is in the world a statue of a man of letters like this, neglected by the passer-by, despised by those about it, commiserated by the onlookers."

It does not follow that if a man's statue is surrounded by vegetables he ceases therefore to be a great man: it may even have happened that some one of the Protestant vegetable sellers of Rotterdam threw an overripe tomato at the statue of that Catholic priest, Erasmus, but that would not have endangered his fame. He has remained an interesting and notable figure through the centuries. Editions of his works in the original Latin and in translations have been quite numerous: the English and German bibliography alone includes more than one hundred books published after 1900. The *Britannica* devotes nine and a half columns to Erasmus, the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, eight. He is not then, like most of the renowned Humanists of the age, a name embalmed in the histories of literature.

Inevitably, however, Erasmus's popularity has waned and he has survived mainly as an author of the *literati*, due to the fact that Latin has become a rather esoteric language. For that matter, Latin had been losing its high standing even before Erasmus's death. In Protestant countries it grew unwelcome, as being the language of the Catholic Church, and acute nationalisms following the break-up of Christendom thrust national languages to the fore. Luther gave impetus to German as a literary language, so did Tyndale to English with his translation of the Bible. In France, Rabelais forsook Latin for the language of the people; in Italy, the vulgar tongue was established of old as a literary vehicle and while Humanists still rolled their Ciceronian periods, Aretino laughed at them as at a "bunch of pedants." Besides, it must be conceded that Erasmus was not a creative artist, not a genius to make whose acquaintance it would be worth while to learn a new language. I said that he was a great journalist and as such he is unavoidably "dated." On the whole, he contributed little to the development of human thought; we may read with delight his *Praise of Folly* or others of his books, yet More's *Utopia*, less appreciated by contemporaries, is a more important work. The former may be "a masterpiece of amiable raillery," but the latter contains the world-vision of a great mind and a noble heart.

Again, the trouble with most of the Humanists and with Erasmus in particular was their detachment

from real life, or what we might call their sociological indifference. They cared much for a well-rounded sentence or for a well-pointed epigram but were hardly interested in the welfare of the common people. Socially speaking, the "people" were beginning to emerge; society was being leveled actually by the explosion of gunpowder but the aristocratic gentlemen of letters kept their nose on the ancient codices. Not that the revival of learning in general was without repercussion on society but, individually, the Humanists, even though polished, tolerant, peace-loving, showed no concern for the "nameless horde" who spoke the vernacular. To-day we consider such moral absenteeism as inexcusable and while we cannot exactly reproach Erasmus for not having undertaken a social crusade we cannot fail to feel that his indifference somewhat diminishes his personality.

On this point it is maintained in some quarters that Transalpine Humanism was very different from the Italian kind. The Italians are pictured as men of doubtful morality and, often, of undoubted infidelity while the Transalpines were made of sterner metal: their lives were shaped by high principles and they felt more responsive to the moral problems of the age. In proof of which it is pointed out that they went over almost in a body, to the Reformation. This is mere Nordic reasoning which seems to fit, unfortunately, with the popular conception of the Italian Renaissance wherein the crimes of the Medicis and the Borgias and the political science of Machiavelli occupy all too large a place. We shall not attempt here to dispel such distorted impression but this at least may be said for the Italy of the Renaissance that general social conditions, in spite of wars (mainly of foreign making) were there much less crude than in other countries. The life of the upper classes may have been more scandalous—which could be contested—but the populace of cities and towns and the peasantry was not so thoroughly oppressed. No such infamy was perpetrated in Italy as the eviction of the English peasantry, early in the sixteenth century, to enclose the fields for sheep-raising. Nor did such desperate conditions prevail there such as led to the Peasants' War in Germany, a war which is said to have "liquidated" 150,000 peasants and sunk the rest into the former intolerable state. Nor did the Italian wars (when fought by Italians) cause such cruel havoc as that produced by the ravages of the Black Band in the Low Countries.

Erasmus, who visited Italy from 1506 to 1509, found it to his liking. He met in Italy generous friends, a high level of culture and abundant opportunities for his cherished studies. Indeed his sojourn in Italy meant much to his intellectual development. He could not fail to notice, even in Rome, evidences of easily tolerated immorality yet he met also many clergymen worthy of their calling. As usual, a traveler sees more clearly what he wants to see. Luther, who was in Rome in 1510, gathered a very different impression. In Florence, Erasmus met the fellows of the Neoplatonic Academy, high-minded men, lay and clerical. In Venice, he lived with the group of scholars surrounding the great publisher of Aldus Manutius: their stern mode of living, their more than meager table appalled him. And everywhere, he

met many high-born ladies, pious and of unsullied reputation, who took part in humanistic activities: a touch of social charm wholly lacking in Transalpine circles.

The man Erasmus least liked in Italy, the one against whom he directed some of his most keenly barbed satire was Julius II., the warrior Pope, whose triumphal entry into Bologna Erasmus happened to witness. Such antagonism was but natural since Erasmus was a thorough pacifist who preferred "peace on any terms to the justest of wars"; Julius had an impatient, violent character and to him it did not seem incongruous that, for a righteous cause, the Head of Christianity should lead armies in the field. It was he who told Michelangelo, as that artist was modeling his equestrian statue: "Put a sword in my hand, and by all means, not a book. I am not one of these humanists." Yet, contrary to the opinion of Erasmus and others—such are the effects of the point of view—Julius II. is universally considered as a great and noble figure by Italian historians. Much is forgiven him because he loved Italy as a patriot and was a forerunner of the movement to keep "Italy for the Italians"; his wars were for the purpose of throwing "the barbarians" out of Italy.

It was this pacifism of Erasmus, an intellectual disposition, certainly, but not entirely dissociated from practical selfishness, that got him into trouble with his contemporaries and with posterity. Cast as he was, even geographically, in the midst of the Reformation turmoil, an authority appealed to by everyone, he attempted to reconcile irreconcilables and thus brought upon himself the charge of being a traitor, a turncoat, or at least, a straddler. The Lutheran party hailed him at first as one of their own, not without some basis in fact since he had exercised his wit mainly against friars, monks and theologians and also against current superstitions and distorted practices of religion. A contemporary preacher created the epigram which it is impossible not to quote when speaking of Erasmus: "He laid the egg that Luther then hatched." Erasmus protested that he had laid quite a different kind of egg, but the epigram stuck. Yet, a revolutionary movement was far from his intention and not too much weight must be given to Protestant assertions since they have been in the habit of claiming everyone who uttered a protest against abuses in the Catholic Church: even Savonarola has been called a prereformer. Erasmus was not, as we have seen, a combative spirit, he was not by any means a "Red"; at the worst he may be classed as a "parlor Pink" and even that mild tinge faded from him when he saw what the Lutheran reformation was leading to. He did not anticipate, nor did anybody else on the Catholic side, that it was to result in a cleavage of Christendom; he probably i m a g i n e d it would be squelched, in time, like many other previous heretical sects but meanwhile there would be a period of confusion and of strife during which letters and the *literati* would suffer. In this sense Erasmus wrote to Archbishop Warham, after the famous posting of theses by Luther at the Wittenberg church, in 1517. "Now," he said, "there is no hope for any good. It is all over with quiet learning, thought, poetry and progress. Violence on one side, folly on the other and they accuse me of having caused it all. If I

joined Luther I could only perish with him and I do not mean to run my neck into a halter."

The Archbishop was a good friend to keep since he had granted Erasmus the only steady revenue he had, twenty English pounds per year which were paid faithfully all during his life. The emoluments of a writer, even if the author of best sellers, were precarious in those days. Publishers did not pay authors, nor had royalties been invented: the only source of income for a literary man were the gratuities from wealthy friends especially upon the dedication of some work. All of Erasmus's patrons were on the Catholic side and it was important for him to mend his fences.

Unquestionably, he had been at first favorable to Luther and had defended him from his attackers; even after 1517 he thought a conciliation possible and made vain attempts for a mediation. After 1520, when Luther, passing from the theological to the practical ground, published most savage charges against the Roman Curia, and especially after the Diet of Worms (1521) when the Emperor Charles V. signed the edict placing Luther under the ban of the Empire, even Erasmus must have realized that there was no "patching up" the situation. He hastened to assert his loyalty to Rome and to declare himself an enemy of Luther. Pope Leo answered him courteously while indicating that he had been worrying somewhat about the Dutch scholar: "We thank you for your protestation of loyalty which we had begun to doubt not so much from the reports of others but from certain of your writings."

With all this, and while from the Catholic side there was a clamor for a book of his against Luther, Erasmus found excuses for procrastination, so averse was he to enter the arena personally. When finally he did so, with his *Discussion of Free Will* published in 1524 by Froben of Basle, he showed that he could strike right at the root of the Lutheran heresy. The treatise dwells on the moral and speculative question only and avoids all personalities, which may indicate the author's prudence or his equable temper; yet, for all its being a model of gentlemanly discussion the book is none the less a destructive criticism of the Lutheran position which virtually does away with the free will of man.

The eagerly awaited book was extolled by Catholics—and scoffed at by Lutherans; at any rate it may be said that the date of its publication marks the point when Erasmus definitely proclaims himself a Catholic and breaks off flirting with the enemy. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that there ever was a time when he might have countenanced heresy. He was not, as some have contended, a surreptitious advocate of an undogmatic Christianity or of a non-hierarchical Church. Truly, he was a man of liberal tendencies, he was opposed to coercion in religious questions and, especially, he did not approve of all the disciplinary Church regulations of his day as being in contrast with evangelical simplicity. He was especially provoked by the then grievously strict abstinence-and-fast discipline, having, as he remarked, "a Catholic heart but a Protestant stomach." In fact, he had been granted a general indult from Rome on that subject, owing to his precarious health. Even a very prudent use of the indult did not save him from public accusa-

tions and actual persecution, so that the perversity of people fanatically keeping the fast while looking indifferently on the practice of serious vices is an ever recurring theme of Erasmus's satire. Nothing very destructive or subversive in that: good, holy men, men of unsuspectable orthodoxy spoke in even harsher terms about the evils of the age. If the question be placed upon the plane of intent, that is a subjective test on the part of critics and historians: at any rate, most authors, Catholic and non-Catholic, are substantially agreed and the researches of modern scholarship may be summed up in the phrase of the *Britannica:* "To attack the Church or to remold received theology was far from Erasmus's thought."

Still, in evaluating the "greatness" of the man—as it has been the purpose of this article—we cannot fail to take into some account his hesitancy and tergiversation. He was not, clearly, such a man as the Catholic cause would have needed at the time, not a St. Jerome or a St. Thomas More: there was not in him the stuff out of which martyrs are made, or Fathers of the Church. He failed, then, in proving himself the Man of the Hour; yet this charge, frequently brought against him, is hardly fair. One may regret that he did not possess the strength of character which the historical circumstances required in the interest of Christendom but he has a right to be judged as a personality detached from the troublous stage into which he was cast at a late age of his life and to which he was unsuited both by his disposition and by his training.

As a man, he was the broadest scholar and the most polished wit of his generation, a keen intellect, a painstaking student, a tolerant, lovable character; surely he must be appraised as a "rare" man. Greatness is, after all, a quality for which there is no standard and the title of "great" has been often predicated on achievements and on a personality much less remarkable than that of Erasmus of Rotterdam.

LESSON IN ECONOMICS

By William Thomas Walsh

RICHER than silver, rarer than virgin gold
Scoured from the Inca quartz by shackled slaves,
Filched by a Hawkins, hot from the fresh graves
Of priests and nuns, with dead blacks in his hold:
Richer than gems corrupted times untold
To buy a royal whore, or fatten knaves
With usury, or grease the tardy staves
Of justice with a round oath lightly sold:

More precious even than the price of blood
Paid for an office by a friend, a brother,
Or a child's heart trampled in the palace mire
By sceptered swine too foul for fatherhood,
Or that witch-burning prince who sold his mother
To upstart wolves, to hear himself called "Sire"—

Oh, richer than this is my commodity:
Hunted by solitaries, by tired throngs
In cities; cheap as air or country songs
Yet seldom found on land or the cold sea.
No chains can bind it, for it will be free
As light is free, and neither clubs nor thongs
Can bruise it from the house where it belongs
Or lock its treasury and hide the key.

It shares a world and asks no recompense,
Yet not an ounce for sale, no, not for kings;
Given, no less remains; had for the taking,
Unvanquished in the teeth of violence;
A sword of wrath, yet dwells with children, sings,
Works, smiles in sleep, and has no fear of waking.

Love climbs, a tireless vagrant, to the suns
Beyond the suns, to melt in sweet pursuit
With Love, and from Love's hoard beyond compute
Draw endless largesse for those little ones
Who are its neophytes. This true love shuns
No agony, but like an angel's lute
Will dare the heights where even the stars are mute,
And in that singing quiet it laughs and runs.

Love will not rest till its last sheep is found.
It will not crave a stone beneath its head
While there is want on earth. All human loss
Weighs deep its crown of thorns, and gladly bound
And scourged, it spends itself, and no word said;
And for its bridal couch it takes the Cross

SOCIOLOGY IN THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE

By Clarence J. Enzler

LAST autumn in an oral examination for the doctorate the writer was asked: "What differences do you find between sociology as it is taught in Catholic schools and in secular schools—leaving religion out of consideration?" The query was something of a poser. It inaugurated a train of thought which led eventually to the consideration in this paper of the three questions following: (1) Is there a Catholic sociology? (2) If there is, just how does it differ from secular sociology? (3) If Catholic sociology is a reality, what justification, what reason, has it for existence?

Catholic education, as is well known but sometimes forgotten, aims quite as much at nobility of character and holiness as at knowledge and scholarship and culture. In other words, Catholic education is spiritual, rather than purely material in outlook. It agrees with these words of the poet, John Milton, in the *Tractate on Education:*

"The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection."

The ideal of Catholic education is to develop in the student a consciousness of spiritual values and a "respect for ethical principle"; to infuse a desire to serve one's God and to love one's neighbor; to be ambitious in offering physical, mental, social, and moral assistance to human brethren. It seeks to unify knowledge and to fit it into a scheme of life built upon a recognition of a higher existence than that of earth. As some one has expressed it, this is Catholic education:—a certain conception of man, a definite body of knowledge, and the bringing together of the two.

Nor does this necessitate an undue emphasis on merely religious education. Rather, the ideal demands training in secular knowledge equal to the training given in secular schools; but an additional training which exalts the soul. In a word, our Catholic colleges and universities are intended to be institutions of learning *and* of holiness.

Catholic education, then, is an indubitable reality. But it is hardly more real and hardly more necessary than a Catholic sociology. However, while almost everyone admits the existence of Catholic education, some, ignorant of the great differences between the social studies as taught in religious and secular schools, find it difficult to accept the idea of a Catholic sociology. Others recognize the distinctions, but deny the justification for a social science which is peculiarly Catholic, though they acquiesce readily enough in sociologies which are peculiarly statistical or dominantly economic or primarily socio-psychological.

At all events, great dissimilarities are instantly obvious to the careful observer between Catholic and secular sociology. The first of these dissimilarities concerns the fundamental conception of society. The following quotation from the Encyclical *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order* by the reigning Pontiff concisely states our position:

"According to Christian doctrine, man, endowed with a social nature, is placed here on earth in order that he may spend his life in society, and under an authority ordained by God; that he may develop and evolve to the full all his faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator; and that, by fulfilling faithfully the duties of his station, he may attain to temporal and eternal happiness."

Four points are emphasized in this conception of society: (1) Man, endowed with a social nature, is placed in society by God. (2) Man is commanded by God to submit to proper authority. (3) The purpose of man's life in society is the development of his faculties for God's glory. (4) The faithful fulfillment of man's duties will bring temporal and eternal happiness. The completion of the contrast follows easily, for the secular view of society includes only the first of these points and a part of the fourth, namely, that man has a social nature and that he lives in society for earthly and temporal, not heavenly and eternal, advantages.

That this notion of society does not entail the exclusion from study of other theories is noteworthy. The Catholic course in Social Theory, for example, considers the contrast between Plato, who conceived of society as utilitarian, and Aristotle, who regarded it as a work of nature, "the product of man's sociable instincts," as Lichtenberger expresses it. It does not neglect the social contract theories of Hobbes and Locke and Rousseau, or the *Social Statics* and the *Principles* of Herbert Spencer, or the crude "sociologism" of Gumplowitz, or the "residues" and "derivations" of Pareto. It teaches these, but, in addition, it makes very certain that the Catholic conception of society is well understood.

Another difference centers about the subject of birth control. Secular sociology as such has adopted no position on the question. Sociologists, not sociology, have been swinging the cudgels for or against. But Catholic sociology and sociologists alike are one in condemnation of artificial birth control. As a student of social problems, one may admit both inside and outside of the classroom that in a multitude of cases birth control practices, judged solely on economic and social considerations, are expedient. But as a Catholic, the sociologist believes and teaches that social expediency or economic expediency can never justify the performance of morally evil acts. As a Catholic, he believes that artificial birth control is an unnatural frustration of an act which utilizes a natural faculty, and is therefore intrinsically evil, just as the telling of lies is intrinsically evil, morally wicked, just as stealing and murdering are morally wicked. Consequently, expediency cannot excuse it any more than expediency can excuse deliberate falsehood. Another quotation from Pope Pius XI.'s Encyclical *On Christian Marriage* expresses the Catholic position:

"No reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good. Since, therefore, the conjugal act is destined primarily by nature for the begetting of children, those who in exercising it deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious."

A third disparity arises out of the attitude toward sterilization of the unfit. Again the observation is warranted that secular sociology as such has not declared itself on the advisability of sterilization. Catholic sociology, however, does take a definite position, which, briefly, is as follows. Those who are unfit to marry because of physical or mental abnormality so grave as to render impossible the proper care of children and the fulfillment of the duties of married life should be prevented or dissuaded from marriage. But sterilization is not a moral means of preventing offspring. As a sociologist, one may concede the existence of cases in which sterilization might prove economically and socially more desirable than segregation. But, as a Catholic, one believes that no innocent person, a person not guilty of a crime, should be deprived of a natural faculty merely for the furtherance of eugenic ends. Sterilization, however minor the operation in the case of the male, is a mutilation of the body and a deprivation, for the time being at least, of a natural faculty in the same manner as would be the cutting of a muscle which would render helpless a finger or a hand. The only difference is that sterilization involves a much more serious deprivation. The sterilization of the unfit for eugenic purposes seems to follow much the same principle as putting in a plaster cast the arms of a criminal and muzzling his jaws and then letting him run around on the theory that he has been rendered harmless.

The present Pontiff has this to say:

"Public magistrates have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects; therefore, where no crime has taken place and there is no cause present for grave punishment, they can never directly harm or tamper with the integrity of the body."

A fourth variation arises out of the Catholic doctrine on marriage and divorce. Our belief is that marriage is not the invention of man, not simply the "means of gratifying in one way or another a vehement impulse," but rather that marriage was instituted by God and raised by Christ to the dignity of a true sacrament. The Catholic position on divorce is so well known that it may be dismissed with a word. From a valid marriage, consummated by the exercise of the marital privileges, there is no divorce, a doctrine founded on the teaching of Christ, on considerations for the private welfare of husband, wife, and children, and out of regard for the public good of society.

These examples serve to illustrate some of the characteristics peculiar to Catholic courses in Introductory Sociology, the Family, and Social Pathology. In Social Theory, which is dominantly historical, the only difference in treatment seems to be a somewhat greater emphasis than would be found in most secular schools on those who might be

called "our own men." Quite naturally, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas of Aquin receive a little extra attention. Also, in some schools, the illustrious German, Bishop von Ketteler, and the courageous Cardinal Manning of England and other men famous for social programs in the interests of the labor groups gain brief mention. The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. and Pope Pius XI. are also considered. But, in general, the differences are merely those which arise from a slightly variant emphasis. Such disparities exist between all other schools as well, for there is no instructor who will not admit that he talks with particular enthusiasm and knowledge about certain pet topics or men.

One last feature of Catholic sociology must be mentioned along with the few outstanding ones stated above. That is the program for social justice, which is rapidly assuming such importance that courses treating it will probably become compulsory soon in many Catholic institutions. A glance at the historical background of the social justice movement will aid in explaining it. Between the Middle Ages and the mid-nineteenth century little progress was made in the development of a Catholic policy in relation to industrial matters. But, during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the Industrial Revolution and *laissez-faire* philosophy substantially changed the economic situation and with it certain ethical aspects of that situation. During the second quarter of the nineteenth century, a number of Catholic economists, social students, and other thinkers began to combat economic liberalism, or *laissez-faire*, and to demand a solution for the industrial problem. Thus in France there were Villeneuve-Bargemont, Charles de Coux, and Frederick Ozanam, well known as the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Later came Le Play, Périn, Dupin, De Mun and others. In Germany, there were Bishop von Ketteler, whom Pope Leo XIII. called "my illustrious predecessor," Canon Moufang, Ludwig Windthorst; in Switzerland, Caspar Decurtins and Cardinal Mermillod; in Austria, Baron von Vogelsang; in Italy, Cardinal Capecelatro, Father Curci, and Father Liberatore; in England, Cardinal Manning; in the United States, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and the Reverend Dr. McGlynn. These socially minded individuals advocated virtually every sound measure of social reform called for to-day. For example, Bishop von Ketteler's program included: advocacy of cooperative production by workers; partnership between labor and capital; public ownership of railroads; the formation of labor organizations; higher wages; the abolition of child labor in the factories; legal regulation of working hours; separation of the sexes in the workshops; Sunday rest; appointment of factory inspectors; workers' compensation.

But not all Catholics agreed with these radical ideas. Many were convinced of *laissez-faire*. Consequently, not until Pope Leo XIII. issued his Encyclical *On the Condition of Labor* in 1891, a document which has been accorded high and consistent praise from men of every faith and lack of faith, did a semblance of unity appear. Thereafter, the number of liberals increased in the ranks of both the clergy and the laity. In 1931, on the

fortieth anniversary of Leo's declaration for the cause of industrial justice, Pope Pius XI. added his immortal *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order* to the list of "radical" papal pronouncements. The two Encyclicals laid down the basic pattern to be followed in the quest for social justice. They constitute a code of economic ethics. As one writer expressed it:

"It is a code that embraces common honesty and industry. But it goes beyond that into very uncommon honesty. Its greater emphasis is laid upon making work and ownership serve the common good, the general welfare. Making work and ownership serve the common good is social justice." [1]

A brief sketch of the main issues outlined in the Encyclicals will be tantamount to an explanation of the meaning of the Catholic program for social justice. First of all, Communism and Socialism are condemned; Communism, because its doctrines of violence, class warfare, and common ownership would not satisfy the best interests of humanity; Socialism (which in this country at least has mellowed until its program includes many of the proposals advocated under social justice), because its concept of society is materialistic and un-Christian. For Socialism, contrary to Christianity, "affirms that living in community was instituted merely for the sake of the advantages which it brings to mankind. And so to-day no one can be at one and the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist." [2]

[1] *Catholic Action*, "Social Justice: What It Means; How Attain It," Vol. 18, No. 4, p. 18.
[2] Pope Pius XI., *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order*.

Another major point treats of the distribution of income, wealth and power. In a country where, according to Berle and Means, about 200 non-banking corporations control nearly half the non-banking corporate wealth of the country and approximately 100 banking corporations control almost half of the banking wealth, a new rule of distribution is required, the principle being that wealth must be "so distributed amongst the various individuals and classes of society that the common good of all . . . be thereby promoted." [3]

One of the necessities for fair distribution is a just wage. Therefore the principle of economic ethics is laid down that the wage paid to the laborer must be sufficient to support himself and his family. If any employer can pay such a wage without depriving himself and his family of a decent livelihood in accord with their position in life, and if such an employer fails to pay an adequate family wage, he is guilty not only of inhumanity, but of a grave sin, a serious crime against the law of God.

Further, Pope Pius continues:

"Every effort must be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage."

Wage and salary rates are to be so regulated as to best promote steady work and decent livelihoods for the greatest possible number.

[3] *Ibid.*

And since prices are important, these, too, are to be so established as to foster the smooth working of the economy.

How are these aims to be realized? By legislative reforms in part, but mostly by a return to ethical standards in conjunction with the formation of vocational groups, or of what are called in America occupational groups. At present, laborers have their unions and employers their associations. Between them stand friction, dislike, mistrust and misunderstanding. Labor unions, further, are so arranged that they frequently hamper each other and fritter away their opportunities by fruitless quarreling about the scope of work each union is to perform. Besides, the huge majority of laborers are unorganized. Under the occupational group system, all men working in an industry, such as steel, would be grouped into one union which, we repeat, would include *all* who work in that industry, employers as well as employees, janitors as well as foremen, unskilled as well as skilled workers. In mutual harmony, those of a given industry would decide the problems peculiar to that industry. Not that employees would busy themselves about the exclusive concerns of employers, but that, in matters which affect the common welfare of those in any industry, the persons involved would meet in harmonious discussion and endeavor to solve peaceably and justly their difficulties. Thus, each occupational group would seek to maintain standards of fair competition, wages, hours, prices and the like. In short, the ideal at which the occupational group system aims is the establishment of industrial self-government under adequate representation for all the interested parties, employers, employees, and the general public. Incidentally, something very like these groups might have grown out of the N.R.A. had it lived to see better days.

From the foregoing, it is readily apparent that there is a Catholic sociology with its own particular conception of society, with pronounced views on birth control, sterilization, marriage and divorce, on none of which has secular sociology declared itself; a Catholic sociology, furthermore, which condemns Communism and Socialism, contrary to secular sociology which neither condemns nor approves; a Catholic sociology which offers a program for the attainment of social justice, as opposed to secular sociology which offers no defined program.

At this point, it is well to emphasize strongly the fact, for it is a fact, that the tie-up between ethics or morality and sociology does not entail the neglect of science. We might repeat that the Catholic education, of which Catholic sociology is an important section, seeks to impart a secular education equal to that given in secular schools; but, in addition, to elevate the soul, to foster nobility of character and to lead the student along the pathway of a morally good life. But in so doing, facts are not to be shunned. For example, Catholic anthropologists and sociologists believe, whether or not the humans and the anthropoids have a common ancester, that man's descent is from a single pair of humans. Yet they admit frankly and freely that the anthropological evidence does not *prove* polygenesis false. They admit, too, that from the anthropological evidence one can say neither where man originated nor when, ex-

cept that it was more than some thirty thousand years ago.

Thus far we have considered some of the peculiarities of sociology in Catholic schools and have answered affirmatively the query: "Is there a Catholic sociology?" The third question asked at the beginning of this paper was, "What reason has Catholic sociology for existence?"

Our civilization is dominantly Christian. The avowed task of the Church, of the Catholic school, and of Catholic sociology is to uphold Christian faith and philosophy and ethics in a world which is swaying from that faith and philosophy and ethics. For to-day Christianity is being weighed. The spirit of the age is such as to make of conscience little more than a moral sense. Never were Newman's words in his *Idea of a University* more applicable than at present:

"The command of duty is a sort of taste; sin is not an offence against God, but against human nature. . . . [Men] instead of doing one thing and then another, as each is called for, in faith and obedience, careless of what may be called the *keeping* of deed with deed, and leaving Him who gives the command to blend the portions of their conduct into a whole, their one object, however unconscious to themselves, is to paint a smooth and perfect surface, and to be able to say to themselves that they have done their duty. When they do wrong, they feel, not contrition, of which God is the object, but remorse, and a sense of degradation. They call themselves fools, not sinners; they are angry and impatient, not humble. They shut themselves up in themselves; it is misery to them to think or to speak of their own feelings; it is misery to suppose that others see them, and their shyness and sensitiveness often become morbid."

An important factor here has been the tragic cutting off of social science from religion and morality, a split so definite that students are impressed more and more by the false idea that there is no place for ethics, religion, or morality in social science or even in social action. The oppressed laborers, the ragged, underfed children, the specter of want in the very tabernacles of plenty, the ugly manifestations of greed are in part the consequences of this man-made gulf between morality and the social studies.

Perhaps in secular schools this rigid departmentalization is more or less necessary, this overwhelming attention to experimental facts the easiest course. But in Catholic schools, where all are of one faith, the connection between morality and social science is made with facility and efficiency. For while it is true that sociology and ethics "are guided each by its own principles in its own sphere, it is false that the two orders are so distinct and alien that the former in no way depends on the latter." Indeed, so close is this dependence that the present Holy Father unmistakably accorded praise to those who endeavored to unite the two in some measure by fostering *"a truly Christian social science"* and laboring to make *"Catholic principles of sociology* . . . part of the intellectual heritage of the whole human race."[4]

But even in secular schools it is impossible to keep attitudes toward religion and ethics out of the social

[4] Pope Pius XI., *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order.*

science classroom. It is impossible to be neither hot nor cold. Does not every teacher convey either by his manner or by his selection of facts his own opinions on moot matters? And do not these opinions vary from teacher to teacher, so that the student is left in a kind of hopeless bewilderment? Here is one of the outstanding advantages of Catholic sociology, namely, that from school to school, on matters of moral action, it presents a definite stand and a united front.

Many objections have been offered against the Catholic theory and policy of education. One difficulty arises out of the tendency of Catholic sociologists to be unscientific. But those who are the best Catholic sociologists are also rigidly scientific. And they point out the inter-relation between sociological facts, which may be and are learned by investigation and experiment, and principles of morality which are the product of revelation or of natural reason.

Another accusation finds us overoccupied with supernatural knowledge to the extent that we neglect natural knowledge. Many of us must plead guilty. There are good grounds for the objection that too much time has been spent in preaching, too little in discovering facts. Catholic students have planted all too many of the weeds and sterile flowers that Dr. Sorokin finds in the sociological garden; weeds of speculation; weeds of prescriptions for world maladies made by incompetent persons; weeds of generalizations drawn on insufficient evidence; weeds of ignorance about the theories and studies of others.[8]

[8] *Contemporary Sociological Theories.*

Further, the Catholic contribution in the postgraduate field has been small indeed. According to the report of the American Council of Education in 1934, only one Catholic university in the United States (The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.), was qualified in staff and equipment to prepare candidates for the doctor's degree in sociology. That one institution was rated on a par with twenty others, such as Yale, Harvard, Pittsburgh, and Northwestern; but it was still inferior to the five schools (Columbia, Chicago, Minnesota, North Carolina, Wisconsin), which received ratings of "distinguished" for their facilities in sociology.

A fourth difficulty springs from our failure to make the most of those particularly Catholic principles of sociology to which Pope Pius referred in his Encyclical, for it is undeniable that the Catholic program for social justice and the tenets on which it is based are understood by few among our youth.

Yet despite these faults, which may well be humbly acknowledged, ours is, or should be, a distinct contribution to sociology, one which is being made by no other group. The contribution is the fusing of two attitudes, the Christian and the scientific. It is exemplified by a growing group of Catholic social scientists who are scientifically eager to experiment, scientifically careful of their facts, scientifically fearful of hasty generalizations and speculations—and who are also Christian in that they never forget the place of ethics and morality as the guideposts of human action.

PEKING FANTASTICS

By James W. Bennett

ALTHOUGH the political situation in China changes chaotically from day to day—at times, from hour to hour—the social life of that remarkable body of people, the foreign colony of Peking, remains immutable. Occasional bombings and shell fire, foreign conquest, strikes and *coups d'états*,—these phenomena the Westerners take in their stride. And it is concerning this fantastic group of foreigners that I, a pigmy Whitman, wish to "raise my barbaric yawp."

Peking is a city of infinite paradoxes. Even its name, "Northern Capital," has been changed in derogation by the Chinese Government to the meaningless "Peiping," or "Northern Peace." Here, behind the anonymous gray walls which front the narrow, dust-deep *hutungs*, live some of the most desperate characters ever found outside the pages of a picaresque novel. Gun runners, international spies, political refugees, soldiers of fortune—Peking placidly accepts them all. Inconvenient persons may be murdered in Peking, but they are never deported.

Here, also, behind high secretive compound walls, lives *tout Pékin:* an elaborate social hierarchy reminiscent of New York society under Ward McAllister. Doddery old men and decorous dowagers discuss the genealogy, financial rating, closet skeletons of their social equals. They have developed an intricate, maddening system of leaving calling cards. And woe, woe unto the newcomer who—through ignorance, laziness or sheer cussedness—fails to conform. He is avoided subsequently as though he were a plague carrier.

Queerly enough, it is not the Peking underworld which offers the most to the really curious visitor. These beachcombers on the city's Seacoast of Bohemia possess a one-track mind—or rather a highly developed animal cunning which serves instead of brains. They are, perhaps understandably, suspicious and close-mouthed. When they do talk, they speak in dull and boresome *clichés*. No. The rich treasure is to be quarried from the homes of Peking's socially elect.

For example, there is Monsieur Ixe. He would not dream of speaking to you unless you had been introduced to him by a properly responsible person. He wears pants that are deplorably tight, a monocle, and, in his cuff, a handkerchief scented with some vile attar. Nevertheless, he is the recipient of three coveted war crosses, he has seen service under the Mad Baron Ungern, is well versed in drought-resisting grasses, the pathology of rinderpest, and the Little Theater of China. If you are fortunate enough to win the respect of this vapid-appearing little Macaroni, he will drive you like mad in his Italian juggernaut to some of the grandest duck blinds that ever rewarded a devoted sportsman. Once, a year ago, he wasted two shells in a morning's shoot, and he still broods over the matter. Is it a sign—he asks fretfully—that he is growing old?

There is Mrs. John Smythe-Jones, wealthy enough—even in these Years of the Locusts—to live upon the income of her income. She is a direct descendant of a first-class passenger on the *Mayflower* and does not allow you to forget it. No one in Peking is a more abject slave to protocol. Yet she can discuss scientifically those strange caves in the Western Hills near the city, littered with the bones of Peking men who loved and fought in an era far earlier than that sanctioned by the present-day Neanderthals of Tennessee. Once, emerging from one of these caves, she was met by an ominous aggregation of Chinese in the patched remains of army uniforms and bearing rifles and bayonets. The rifles, fortunately, were without ammunition, but the bayonets seemed to be in working order. Slowly the men began to close in upon her. She lifted her heavy walking stick, uttered a loud yell and charged the center of the line. One minute later they were in full flight. Pained and inexpressibly saddened, the brigands muttered as they ran:

"She is not a woman. She is a *kuei*. Veritably she is a demon of the Second Category."

Also, there is Mr. 'Ennery 'Awkins, Cockney English down to the last misplaced aitch, living with an aged Chinese coolie woman in the holy bonds of matrimony—the last man one would expect to be recognized socially. Yet he is firmly planted on the top of the heap. For he is a Sinologue, the world's foremost authority on China's last Imperial House, the Manchu Dynasty. Four-fifths of the books written about Peking owe whole chapters to him. Generously he offers his encyclopedic knowledge; and, after an evening spent with him, one comes away dizzy from the vistas he has opened:

The Daybreak Audience, when ten thousand courtiers in peacock robes swayed and bent—like a field of ripe wheat in a storm—as they performed the *kowtow* before the Son of Heaven. . . . The startling pretensions of Ch'ien Lung—China's *Roi Soleil*—who fancied himself as an art critic and who ruined the paintings of several of China's greatest Sung artists by planting his large private seal (as a token of his august approval) in the direct center of the pictures. . . . The resolute and sinuous machinations of Old Buddha, that Borgian woman of the East, who calmly looted the Imperial Treasury on the eve of a war with Japan—in order to build herself a pleasure palace. Tzu Hsi, who dared to play an elegant game of cat-and-mouse with the Dragon Emperor himself, finally putting him away with poison on the day she realized she had come to her own deathbed. . . .

There are two occasions when the Peking socialite can be seen in his native habitat, his actions most characteristic, in fact, classic. The first of these is known as an

At Home

This is alternately called a tea party. The ranking guests at an At Home are, of course, the diplomats. For Peking, although a cool seven hundred miles from Nanking, the present capital of China, continues to be the headquarters of virtually all the foreign legations. When the Legation Secretaries, the Naval and Military Attachés, gather under one roof to sip tea or perhaps quaff a pallid cocktail, they prove to be a

nervous and unpredictable crew, jealous and crochety.

In the intervals between their weighty labor of writing dispatches to their home governments, they have developed the leisure to raise dogs. It is not an uncommon sight to find several canines getting under people's feet at the most formal At Homes.

Recently, the Commandant of the Italian Legation Guard brought with him a small white poodle-like animal to which he thoughtfully fed *canapés* from the hostess's platter. Although the tray was large, the dog depleted it. The Commandant imperiously beckoned the Number One boy of the house to bring another platter, but the servant disappeared and was not seen again that evening. Nor was the tray brought.

However, the military man's attention was drawn by the entrance of the Belgian First Secretary with *his* dog, a large and lolloping gray animal which bore a faint resemblance to the Italian's.

The Belgian said impressively: "I have brought my Tibetan."

The Italian gave an audible sniff and jerked his animal's leash. *"This* dog is the only Tibetan in Peking. It is a *chien de race."*

"Hah!" said the Belgian diplomat. *"Chien de trois races!"*

At this point, the hostess intervened—and not one split-second too soon.

Rarely do the Ministers Plenipotentiary and Ambassadors appear at the tea parties, a dispensation for which Peking gives due and solemn thanks. They prefer to move in the rarefied atmosphere—which is virtually a vacuum—of their fellow Legates. Several of them are too proud, even, to speak to their wives. A pleasing exception amid this group of mummified envoys is the American Ambassador, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson. His "ten gallon hat," (given by an admirer on his last home leave), his geniality and ability to remember names and faces, mark him as a man who refuses to conform to the dread stuffiness of the *corps diplomatique.*

Next in social rank among the guests at an At Home are the Chinese of the governing class, and their wives. With mechanical smiles they move from group to group of foreigners, delivering themselves of some terrific banality, and move on. Yet, beneath that puerile mask, awesome forces are at work among them. The Pandora Box of patriotism has been opened. For five thousand years love of country was unknown to them; their passionate and deathless loyalty had been given to that one unit they revered: the family, the clan. Having seen patriotism go berserk in Europe, thoughtful foreigners are none too happy over the change in their Chinese friends.

The most ubiquitous guests at a Peking tea party are the artists. This polyglot city has become a Mecca in little for the practitioners and dilettantes of the seven flourishing arts. The enigmatic red or green lacquer gate of a house will open to disclose an American, French or English woman with smock and palette, sketching the contours of her own rock garden. Or, from behind the house wall will come, like a roll of distant thunder, the first piano notes of a composition that may (or may not) later electrify the world. It is a rare tea party at which one doesn't hear the idea advanced that Peking will soon be the art capital of the world. In the days of old, China thought of

herself as the Middle Kingdom, and Peking as the center of the universe. It would be ironic if she should again attain that eminence—not among her own people but among the once-despised foreigners.

Peking offers many inducements to the artist: low living costs; freedom from domestic care; a quicker, easier contact with other artists than is ever possible in the art centers of to-day: Paris, London, New York; and surroundings sufficiently bizarre to stir the imagination, and of thrilling breath-taking beauty. To this list should be added the generous enthusiasm which the older Pekinites display toward the artists. It is a commonplace at a tea party to have a perfect stranger come bounding up to you and say:

"I've discovered an enormously clever fellow. From Butte, Montana. Style a bit influenced by Bracque and Derain—but he'll work out of that. Some of his things are pure genius. He does insects. I've just bought a study of shrimps."

At times, a Peking At Home sounds like an echo of a Parisian *atelier*—or the Art Students' League. Yet, always above the studio chatter, the dominant note of the Far East can be heard. A wood block artist says tartly:

"I missed one of my blocks for a month! I learned to-day that prints had been taken from it and offered to every Chinese picture dealer in Peking—as genuine Ming. Heavens, but it made me feel old!" Or:

"I'm doing the portrait of the wife of General Lieu. She's very 'olo fashion.' And the poor thing's in a ghastly funk because she's certain I'm stealing her soul and pinning it down on the canvas. She says she can *feel* it coming out through the top of her head."

"I know," speaks up a third. "None of the Chinese want you to put in any lights and shadows. They argue that if one side of the face is white, the other shouldn't be drawn a negroid black—it's insulting. They'll tell you that their own artists achieved greatness without using shadows. And they'll give you a bland smile of disbelief when you tell them that they've never had a portrait artist worthy of the name, either."

After the last guest has gone, the hostess sinks exhaustedly in the nearest chair. She has been standing for nearly three hours, keyed to concert pitch by the exciting task of composing the bizarre divergences which make such a gathering a combination of League of Nations Sanctions Committee, junto of critics at a *vernissage*, and a stealthy bachelor hunt by several of Peking's most hopeful widows. (Incidentally, the bachelor is the wildest, shyest thing in Asia, these days, not even excepting the Giant Panda of the Himalayas.)

The Number One boy enters the room, trailing the inevitable tuft of feathers on its long wand of split bamboo. He begins gloomily to flick his duster over an ash-strewn *k'ang* table. (The boy loves to buttle, to escort guests to and from the gate, but he loathes the more menial task of dusting.)

The hostess rises. She must change. For to-night, she is giving the second of Peking's famous ritual *tableaux vivants:*

THE DINNER PARTY

There is only a superficial similarity between the At Home and the Peking dinner party. At the latter, there are far fewer Chinese present

yet the festivities are far more Oriental in tone.

At the banquet, one finds a lavishness which is oddly unfamiliar in these times of eighteen-day diets, tightened purse-strings, and an awakened social conscience which deplores any waste while millions are starving. In Peking it is perhaps an unconscious patterning after the Chinese who believe that no banquet is worthy of the title unless it can boast of at least forty courses. Perhaps, too, it is the heritage of many years of spacious living, when it was necessary for the foreigners to dwell like feudal princes if they wished to preserve the respect of the Chinese.

A typical Peking banquet begins with oysters, progresses to a soup thick with clotted cream, then to a great fish *garni* in a pewter dish with a hot-water compartment beneath—the dish itself shaped to resemble a young dolphin. This is followed by a *vol au vent* of sweetbreads and chicken, or *filet mignon* topped with *foie gras*. On the heels of the *entrée* comes the roast, and it usually comes in state: on a huge platter borne high by the Number One boy. Two favorite roasts in Peking are saddle of venison, and the suckling pig glazed that remarkable carmine which is a Chinese culinary secret. The game course which follows the roast usually consists of pheasant smothered in a cream sauce with truffles, or bamboo partridges. Occasionally there is bustard. The last named (despite its somewhat unfortunate name), is a bird of imposing appearance and delicious taste, approximately the size of a turkey. The succulent breast meat is dark, while the tiny legs—which the bird apparently seldom uses—have white meat. The bustard is exceedingly rare and difficult to procure. Those which appeared at Peking banquets this winter were shot by American Marine officers in airplanes high over the Tientsin marshes. The next course, cold meats, is usually ignored—except by a few devoted trenchermen—in order that proper respect may be paid to the frozen pudding nestling in a mazy web of spun sugar. Then, in rapid succession follow the savory, cheese, fruit, walnuts.

To the banquet is appended after a decent interval a postscript in the form of a buffet supper of no mean proportions: salads, spiced and smoked meats and a rarebit.

The list of concomitant wines at a Peking banquet is long: hock, sauterne, claret, burgundy, champagne, port. With the black coffee, the inevitable brandy and the choice of a dozen liqueurs. During the buffet supper—and here is the ineffable touch of China—hot Foochow or Kiangsi tea.

The guest list at a dinner party is weird. About one board will be gathered such diverse personalities as a Mid-Asian explorer looking like an alert penguin; a French Countess who has long since given up trying to keep her figure in bounds but whose rapier mind has suffered no desuetude; a British Language Officer *by* Kipling *from* Ouida—to borrow a pair of prepositions from a studbook. He possesses an inexhaustible lore of information about the racing form of the little ponies of the hinterland that replace, in China, the larger and faster Arab horses used in the Occident. I have known frail indoor women, seated next to him, to totter from the table muttering:

"If I hear another word about a

Mongol's grand pasterns, I shall scream! I shall begin piping like a calliope!"

A few Chinese are usually present at a banquet—those who are accustomed to the Western manner of dining. The perfectly proper method (from the Chinese point of view), of imbibing soup with a furious suction; the Oriental's correct expression of polite appreciation: a resounding belch; his habit of poking into a communal platter of food and spearing the most succulent tidbits to offer to his friends; his absent-minded custom of dropping on the floor tough or unwanted bits of food —none of these quaint habits appeal to the foreign hostess.

Yet she is serenely unaware that her own table manners appear equally gross and barbarous to the traditionally-minded Chinese. She does not seat her guest of honor facing south, the direction from which good influences come. She uses uncouth pronged and sharp-edged culinary tools of great weight and size, instead of those delicate and beautiful ebony or ivory wands which she persists in mis-naming chopsticks. . . .

The conversation at a Peking dinner party could never be mistaken for the table talk of any other city in the world. It is of the East, Eastern. From one side of the table you will hear:

"He told me that his English name, when translated into Chinese syllables, means: 'Pleasure-loving Cow.'"

"My name means 'Great Lover of All the World.'"

Then from across the table: "She has a ghost in her courtyard. Oh, but she *has*; she's seen it! An old Chinese man, laughing."

"Apparently I have one, too. It lives in the old *papier-mâché* Buddha that sits on my stairs. Every time I go up and down at night in the dark, it boxes my ears. Most annoying! It got too playful with my last Number One boy and knocked him down the stairs. He left me. He was a good servant. My present boy isn't nearly so good."

"But you're living in a foreign-style house in the Legation Quarter. Wait till you've tried a Chinese house! Blue lights, footsteps in locked and empty rooms, sighs and groans and chuckles, wind bells in the eaves swinging like billy-o on perfectly still nights—oh, we do have such a jolly, jolly time!"

Again, from the other side: "The fellow deliberately threw himself under the wheel of my motor car. The most ludicrous expression of disappointment came over his face when I brought the machine to a stop in time. If I'd even touched him, he'd have pretended to be dead and his family would have tapped me for a hundred dollars. *Au fond*, of course, it meant that the poor devil was desperate, so I compounded a felony by giving him a bag of rice and a little money. He shuffled away, quite contented."

"I think *I* should have reported it to the police!" comes an acerbic comment.

"Oh, never the Chinese police!" another adds. "We caught a cat burglar once—when the so-called Christian General Feng was running the show here—and turned the thief over to Feng's constabulary. He was only a boy, not more than fourteen, and I told the police to give him a good sound talking to and then let him go. I told them definitely I was not preferring charges. They promised to do as I wished

and pocketed *kumshaw* all around. The next week, I saw the boy's head — recognized it by a scar on the cheek—hanging in a basket at Hata Gate."

The dominant note is China. It has penetrated the fiber of each and every guest. They cannot escape it. The note is emphasized when they leave the table and reënter the drawing room. For, at this time in the evening, it has become the whim—a whim fast hardening into custom—to permit the East to entertain the West.

In the courtyard outside, waiting for the call of "Curtain!", will be one or another of Peking's strolling showmen. It may be the Chinese ringmaster of the circus of white mice. He sets up his portable stage, fixes the poles and guy ropes, the ferris wheel, the trapeze. Then he chirrups gently to his tiny, pink-nosed actors and the performance under the Big Top begins. His are very talented performers, make no mistake about that. They hang by their tails; they race the ferris wheel to a bewildered blur of speed; they leap nimbly from trapeze to trapeze. There is no failure in their "timing," no sulking in the green room. They are too eager for their honorarium: a bit of millet fed them at the conclusion of each act.

Or it may be the Chinese candy man who has been summoned. He works alone. Warming on his charcoal brazier is a pan of plastic candy. He picks up a chunk of this, kneeds it in his hands, stretches it, elongates it nearly a foot, blows into it. Then, lo, before one's eyes a camel, a rabbit, a holy man, a deer with spreading antlers, magically takes form. It is vaguely reminiscent of that act so popular on the American Chatauqua Circuit during the 'Nineties: the Venetian Glass Blowers.

Yet, even with this man, the firm hand of traditional China is present. His figures might stand side by side with old bronze museum pieces or, except for their three dimensions, they might be the sharply limned images on ancient scroll paintings. His work may not be original but it is, none the less, that of a genuine artist.

Again, the entertainment may be given by the puppet showman. He is his own orchestra as well as the manipulator of the little wooden figures that preen and strut and pose, their motions so ridiculously, so remarkably, like those of the Chinese actors on the larger stage. His voice is, in turn, that of each of the characters. The tones alternate with ease from the basso profundo of the bandit chieftain to the shrill and coy falsetto of the Oriental maiden in distress. Occasionally he obliterates his own recitative by a too-vigorous clangor of the cymbals or the drums attached by an ingenious device to his legs—just as an eager Chinese theater orchestra will drown even the excruciatingly high falsetto of China's premier actor, Mei Lang-fang. To the Western ear, this accompaniment is pure cacophony; to the Chinese, it has a definite, tension-producing, illusion-heightening effect.

Not a single one of this man's plays has been written for the puppet theater. They are famous Chinese classical dramas, centuries old, cut and tailored to fit the mimic stage. In tone they are naïve moralities, interlarded with broad humor. Virtue triumphs and vice is punished—yet peculiarly enough they escape being mawkish and sentimental. They have been shrewdly

written to appeal to an Oriental audience which was—and is, to-day—intensely realistic, practical, yet with no finicking decadent doubts concerning the relative status of right and wrong.

Or, the entertainment may be given by a band of blind street musicians. Here is no sound and fury. The melodies are gentle, chiming, silver rivulets of sound. The music is not unlike the gray-robed, fumbling, sightless men who stand in a patient semi-circle bringing forth this unpretentious harmony. One plays a bamboo flute. A second, the two-stringed fiddle with the bow strung on the inside and drawn against what we should consider the under surface of the strings. A third plucks gently at a long-handled instrument with a python-skinned head, resonant as a banjo but far sweeter in timbre. A fourth lightly taps two wooden sticks together, a primitive form of castanets.

Like the plays of the puppeteer, the music is old—handed down without written notes by uncounted generations of melody makers, all of them blind. It is the quintessence of nostalgia, powerfully evocative of an old China which has gone forever. One need be no musician to appreciate its weird and minor beauty. Yet, several well-known Western composers have been so charmed by it that they have set down these ghostly melodies and then have tried to interweave them with their own more metallic modern work.

At last the musicians file out, the blind leading the blind. They cross the courtyard and enter the *hutung*, the leader tapping the road ahead with a long stick. His fellows follow, in single file, each with a hand extended to touch the shoulder of the man ahead. Soon their gray robes merge with the darkness.

Reluctant to shake off their spell, the foreign guests also rise to depart. They cross the courtyard roofed by the blue dome of night and they glance up at the flaming green stars that seem to hover so near the horned tiled roofs. There is a flurry of chauffeurs, carriage *mafoos* and rickshaw coolies in the *hutung* just outside the gate. Then, the guests, too, are swallowed in the dry and dusty Peking night.

"THE BITTER HERB OF ST. JEROME"

By Laurence W. Smith, S.J.

WE read in Exodus that the lamb and the unleavened bread of the Jewish Passover had to be eaten with bitter herbs. Literature too must be taken with a dash of condiment if it is to afford its full flavor. In The Catholic World for May of last year, Mr. Masse reviewed for us those writers who seasoned the literature of their time with what might be called the bitter herb of satire. Along with the considerable enjoyment I derived from his excellent article was a grain of disappointment. Glancing over the field from Aristophanes to Chesterton, he made no mention of one whom I have always considered a giant in the field, if not "the noblest Roman of them all." Patristic literature too is not without its bitter herb and it is St. Jerome that makes the wealthiest contribution. Professor Rand of Harvard, Professor Wright of the University of London and Professor Pease of Amherst are a few of the non-Catholic authorities who bear witness to his literary greatness. Professor Rand seems to place him higher than Juvenal as a master of satire and Erasmus finds that Cicero himself loses by comparison with St. Jerome. As was pointed out in the *Speculum* for October, 1933, even the first faltering footsteps of our own English literature drew in some measure from his strength. The great author of the Vulgate translation of the Bible needs no other wreath than that one achievement to crown him in Christian literature and in Jerome, the saint, Jerome, the Scripture commentator and Jerome, the theologian, we lose sight of Jerome, the satirist. Perhaps it is precisely because he is Jerome, the saint, that we prefer to play down Jerome, the satirist. His satire is not always kindly. It sometimes manifests itself in a sarcasm that is biting; that we feel is hardly consistent with the fraternal charity of sainthood. However, if we clearly understand the spirit of his time, the malice of his adversaries and the usual form of literary controversy, it can be easily seen that the frequent and bitter invective in his writings is not inconsistent with great personal sanctity.

One defense is that in the school in which Jerome was trained, the *argumentum ad hominem* had its fixed place in a controversial treatise. There was something rhetorically incomplete about a paper which overlooked it. It was not enough to demolish the arguments of your adversary and establish your own thesis. The victory was not complete until you had so stung your opponent with ridicule and abuse that he would hesitate to engage with you again. The Rome which gave no quarter on the battlefield was also ruthless in the forum. Cæsar, the accomplished soldier, slaughtered his enemies or sold them into slavery, while Cicero, the accomplished lawyer, loaded his adversary with rhetorical abuse. Christianity had been out of the catacombs for nearly a century but the classical culture of pagan Rome still endured. Jerome was a Chris-

tian and a saint but he admits himself to be a Ciceronian in his literary formation. He argued that the truth might appear and not for his own aggrandizement but if that truth stung the proponent of error to humiliation, it only more gloriously emphasized its own verity. He is not entirely ruthless. Quite frequently he adds a charitable and kindly exhortation to his opponent; a touch seldom found in his forensic model. It is true that his little molehill of kindness after a veritable Pelion on Ossa of abuse is almost amusing. In the very ardor of his championship of truth, he seems to remember that a Christian loves his fellow man. Indeed "the soft word turneth away wrath" but coming as it does after the heat and conviction of his invective, it has all the weakness of an anticlimax. After describing his own hard road to learning, he thus satirizes an opponent who has challenged his knowledge:

"Here hath arisen a man who has become learned without a teacher; a self-taught genius, a vehicle of the spirit. He surpasses Cicero in eloquence, Aristotle in argument, Plato in discretion, Aristarchus in learning, the brazen-bowelled Didymus in the number of books that he has read and all the writers of his time in the knowledge of Scripture. It is reported that you have only to give him a theme and he is ready to argue; either on this side or that; for justice or against it. The world was delivered from peril and the law courts from a yawning gulf on the day this man turned his back on the forum and betook himself to the Church. Against this fellow's will, who could ever have been proved innocent? When he had begun to partition the case on his fingers and cast the net of his logic, what great criminal would his eloquence not have saved? For if he had stamped his foot, fixed his eye, furrowed his brow, gestured with his hand, twirled his beard, he would have drawn down a curtain of darkness before the eyes of the jury. Is it any wonder that this Latin genius, this marvel of fluency has vanquished me, a Greek, a semi-barbarous fellow, afar off, for a long time without the use of the Latin tongue, when the great Jovinian himself, present on the spot, he has suppressed with the weight of his eloquence?" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 50).[1]

After this withering irony and further invective, Jerome finds space for a kindly word. He forgives the young man for the vicious personal attacks on him. He blames his youth, the deceits of the devil and his flattering friends. He credits his sincerity and extends some fatherly advice.

Another defense of Jerome's lack of controversial politeness is that he was defending divine truth and felt that nothing should be overlooked which contributed in any way to its complete vindication. Even the feelings of his adversaries must be trampled that Christ's teaching might be exalted. He writes Riparius, "there is no cruelty in the defense of God," and supports the assertion with many texts from Scripture. Doubtless his friends remonstrated with him for his waspish style. He frequently throws in a line of apology to make clear his supernatural motives. Sometimes it is the malice of his

[1] The *C. V.* in the notes refers to the *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum* or *Corpus Vindobonense* as it is called. The letters occupy volumes 54, 55 and 56.

enemies that deserves his verbal chastisement and sometimes it is the stupidity of his enemies that can be pierced in no other way. Thus, he writes to the gentle Marcella:

"I know that, as you read these words, you will knit your brow and fear that my freedom of speech is sowing the seeds of fresh quarrels; and that, if you could, you would gladly put your finger on my mouth to prevent me from even speaking of things which others are not ashamed to do."

He continues, that these adversaries of his are stupid and that he might contemn them for, "it is to no purpose that you play the lyre for an ass," and later in the same letter, "but lest Flaccus [Horace] laugh at me because, 'when I begin to make a wine jar, why, from the potters wheel does a jug come forth?', we shall return to these biped donkeys of ours and din into their ears, not the music of the lute but the blare of the trumpet" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 27).

Much of his controversy is in defense of the true meaning of Holy Scripture. He was a recognized authority on the exact meaning of the sacred text. Letters came to him from all over the Christian world, inquiring about the meaning and explanation of various passages. These letters come from the Pope, bishops and priests, as well as from some of the laity. St. Damasus gave official recognition to this position, by assigning him the task of retranslating the Bible from the best sources. Yet there were many upstarts to challenge his interpretations. Without knowledge of Greek or Hebrew or other equipment for exegesis, they twisted texts from their accepted and orthodox meaning. The Protestant Reformation was not the Church's first experience with private interpretation. It is not a personal resentment that Jerome displays but a holy zeal for the inspired truth. He writes to St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola:

"As Horace says, 'Doctors alone profess the healer's art and none but joiners ever try to join.' The art of interpreting Scripture is the only one of which all men, everywhere claim to be masters. To quote Horace again, 'taught or untaught, we all write poetry.' The loquacious old woman, the doting old man, the long-winded sophist, one and all take in hand the Scriptures, twist them in pieces and teach them before they have learned them. Some, with wrinkled brows and high-sounding phrases, philosophize about the Sacred writings in gatherings of young women [*mulierculas*]. Others — for shame! — learn from women what they teach men; and as if this were not enough, they boldly explain to others what they by no means understand" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 53).

Not only was every Tom, Dick and Harry of Jerome's time an authority on Scripture, he was also a theologian and argued about the Trinity, as we learn from St. Gregory Nyssen, a contemporary in the East (335-395). He writes of Constantinople:

"This city is full of mechanics and servants who are all of them profound theologians and teach in the shops and streets. If you want a man to change a piece of silver, he

tells you in what way the Son differs from the Father; if you ask the price of a loaf of bread, you are told by way of reply that the Son is inferior to the Father; and if you inquire whether the bath is ready, the answer is that the Son was made of nothing." [2]

Jerome has been accused of arrogance but outside his own field he could be humble enough and he certainly had the essential humility of a good Catholic as is shown from the following letter to St. Damasus. In the discussions on the Trinity which had rent the Christian world and were still raging in the East, he is only anxious to know what the Chair of Peter holds and writes to the Pope for confirmation. Apparently he gets no reply for he follows it up with this beautiful letter in which, no doubt, His Holiness could perceive a vein of kindly satire:

"By her importunity, the widow in the Gospel at last gained a hearing and by the same means one friend induced another to give him bread at midnight when his door was shut and his servants were in bed. The publican's prayer overcame God although God is invincible. Nineveh was saved by its tears from the impending ruin caused by its sin. 'To what purpose,' you may say, 'these far-fetched references?' For this purpose, I answer; that you in your greatness should look upon me in my insignificance; that you the rich shepherd should not despise me, the ailing sheep. Christ himself brought the robber from the cross to paradise, and, to show that repentence is never too late, He turned a murderer's death into a martyr's crown."

He continues with further examples of mercy in the Scriptures, implying that he is the lost sheep in the wastes of Syria beset by the Arian frenzy and the factions in the Church:

"I, all the while, keep crying,—'He who clings to the Chair of Peter is accepted by me!' . . . Therefore I implore your Holiness by Our Lord's Cross and Passion, those great ornaments of our Faith, that you will let me know by letter, with which group I shall communicate: so that you, who succeed the Apostles in dignity, may succeed them in worth; that you may sit on a throne with the twelve giving judgement; that, along with Peter, another may gird you in your old age and, along with Paul, you may enjoy the citizenship of heaven. Pray, despise not a soul for whom Christ died" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 16).

His letters to Augustine are for the most part expressive of love and admiration but in them too we sometimes feel the barb of satire. The Bishop of Hippo, twelve years his junior, is a great deal younger than that in the Faith. Jerome addresses him as "my son in years, my father in ecclesiastical dignity." In the first fervor of his conversion, Augustine has turned the light of his learning on Sacred Scripture and would enter the lists of controversy with the leading commentator of his time. Jerome is growing old. His sight is failing. Disputation has lost its savor. He writes on three different occasions:

[2] The quotation is attributed to Gregory of Nyssa by Professor J. W. Thompson of Chicago University in his *The Middle Ages*, Vol. I., p. 37. No reference is given to the saint's letter from which it is taken so I could not verify it, but have no reason to doubt its authenticity.—L. W. S.

"Choose as your antagonists, young, eloquent and illustrious men, of whom it is said that many are found in Rome, who may be neither unable nor afraid to meet you, and to enter the lists with a bishop in debates concerning the Sacred Scriptures. As for me, a soldier once, but a retired veteran now, it becomes me rather to applaud the victories won by you and others, than with my worn out body to take part in the conflict" (*C. V.* 55, *Ep.* 105, 102, 112).

As great soldiers love the battle and often pay tribute to an enemy warrior worthy of their steel, so too great debaters relish the heat of argument and have borne witness to the virtues and abilities of their opponents. Once in the United States Senate chamber, I heard a statesman, nationally known for his vitriolic tongue, take occasion to praise a life-long political enemy, a man equally distinguished for caustic rebuke. He referred to their many bitter encounters and continued that if words were weapons and bitter phrases dagger thrusts, the chest of his opponent would be as covered with scars as that of a tattooed savage; but that the gentleman was a soldier (he was an ex-General), he took them all on the front; none would be found on his back. It reminds us of a tribute that St. Jerome pays to a long time adversary. He too relished an exchange of blows with a worthy opponent and he found one in Jovinian:

"He [Jovinian] is a brave man, knotty in argument and tenacious in debate, one to fight with his head down. Often have we raised our voices against each other in the streets, of an evening until after night-fall [*de nocte usque ad vesperam*—Does Jerome mean from one night until the next evening?]. He has the ribs and thews of an athlete and is beautifully fat. [He often refers to Jovinian's bulk.] On the quiet, I think he is a follower of my teaching. He is without shame and never gives thought to the quality of his speech but to its length. To such a peak has his reputation for eloquence come that his speeches are held up as models for our curly headed youngsters. How often in debate has he aroused my indignation and led me on to wrath! How often has he spat upon me and departed spat upon!" (Needless to say, this was a metaphorical expectoration.) (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 50.)

As he respected Jovinian in some measure, he rather contemned Vigilantius.[3] He says that he could better have been named Dormitantius.[4] Vigilantius succeeded to the mantle of Jovinian and continued the attack on Jerome's doctrines concerning virginity. He seems to have had little training and less intelligence. It is upon him that Jerome looses his bitterest satire. On a visit to Jerome at Bethlehem, he is introduced by a letter from St. Paulinus. During his stay, he listens to Jerome's exposition of Scripture with the most flattering attention. It is only on his return to Rome that he takes up the cause of Jovinian and accuses Jerome of heresy. Referring to his previous good dispositions, Jerome continues in this vein:

"Now, however, that you have taken to sea-travelling, the stench

[3] *Vigilantius:* watchful.
[4] *Dormitantius:* drowsy.

of the bilge water has affected your brain and you have called me to mind only as a heretic. . . . The moment that you handed me the letter, I noticed a certain incoherency in your language, yet I fancied this due to lack of culture and knowledge and not to an unsettled brain."

The father of Vigilantius had been an innkeeper. Jerome reminds him that taking in the coins and testing the wines in his father's shop has hardly been the preparation for the work he has engaged in; he had better do a little studying:

"Wherefore cease to worry me with your volumes. Have a care at least for your money with which you hire secretaries and copyists, employing the same person to write for you and to applaud you. Perhaps they praise you for the profit in writing for you. If you wish to exercise your mind, hand yourself over to the teachers of grammar and rhetoric, learn logic, have yourself instructed in the schools of the philosophers: and, when you have learned all these things, you will at least begin to keep your mouth shut. And yet it is very foolish of me to seek a teacher for one who is a teacher of everyone, or to set a limit on the tongue of one who, though he knows not how to speak, cannot possibly keep quiet" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 61).

It is the blasphemy of Vigilantius that has aroused Jerome as he makes clear at the close of the letter:

"Your insult offered to myself I bear with patience: your impiety towards God, I cannot endure. Accordingly, in the last part of this letter, I have seemed to write a little more bitingly [*mordacius*] than I had promised myself" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 22).

Twice Vigilantius had broken into print and twice had been forced by Jerome to recant. He had not learned his lesson. Sometime later Jerome writes that:

"Vigilantius has again opened his fetid mouth and is pouring forth a torrent of filthy venom upon the relics of the Holy Martyrs."

Jerome's able refutation is not unmixed with stinging rebuke. He fears that Riparius to whom it is addressed will be shocked:

"You may, perhaps, in your secret thoughts, find fault with me for thus assailing a man behind his back. I will frankly admit that my indignation overpowers me. I cannot listen with patience to such sacrilegious opinions" (*C. V.* 55, *Ep.* 109).

Jerome, supported by the example of his Master, felt that he had a free hand in flaying hypocrisy. As Horace and Juvenal paint for us the fop and the hypocrite of a pagan era, Jerome looses his satire on their counterparts in his day. There is the woman who has a fresh frock every day. There is the art collector, treasuring purple parchments, lettered in gold, while Christ lies at their door, naked and dying. There is the upstage almoner who sounds a trumpet when she gives an alms and hires a crier to advertise her largesses:

"Just lately, I saw the greatest lady in Rome—I will not give her

name, for this is not a satire [I wonder what is], . . . standing in the church of the Blessed Peter, with her band of eunuchs in front. She was giving money to the poor with her own hand, to increase her reputation for sanctity and she gave them each a penny!" (*C. V.* 54, *Ep.* 22).

There is the affected lady who puts on a false refinement and lisps and clips all her words and fancies that natural utterance is a sign of rustic upbringing. There is the flirt of stealthy winks and nods and she who drops her eyes and begins sobbing, covering her face with her hand but leaving vision for one eye to see the effect she creates. John Chrysostom speaks of the fashionable woman of Antioch in her car drawn by white mules. Jerome satirizes the rich widow who goes abroad in her basternian litter (a small closed litter drawn by ponies):

"See their red lips and their plump, sleek skins; you would not think that they had lost a husband, you would fancy they were looking for one" (*Ep.* 22).

There is the man with long hair and a beard like a goat who wears the external habiliments of austerity for sinister purposes:

"They put on a mournful face and pretend to make long fasts, which for them are rendered easy by nocturnal banquets. I am ashamed to say more lest I should seem to be using the language of invective rather than of admonition" (*Ep.* 22).

Hypocrites and worldlings could also be found among the clergy and Jerome does not spare them. There is the clerical fop who thinks of nothing but dress:

"They must be nicely perfumed and their shoes must fit without a crease. Their hair is curled and still shows traces of the tongs; their fingers glisten with rings; and if there is wet on the road, they walk across on tiptoe so as not to splash their feet. When you see these gentry, think of them rather as potential bridegrooms than as clergymen" (*Ep.* 22).

There is the cadging priest, extorting personal gifts. There is the much visiting priest who begins his rounds early when his hosts are hardly out of bed. There is the clerical gourmet who likes a savory meal,

"say, a plump young crane such as is commonly called a cheeper."

There is the priest with the bitter tongue and the equipment of abusive words. There is the clerical newsmonger who either originates or exaggerates what is noised abroad. Then there is the prototype of the modern clergyman who owns an expensive automobile:

"He changes horses every hour and his nags are so sleek and spirited that you might take him to be own brother to Diomede of Thrace."

Jerome freely quotes from the classics to emphasize his points. He usually gives credit. Many of his own pithy sayings have been used by those who came after. One that Erasmus borrows is, "If there is holiness in a beard, no one would be holier than a goat." There is a sug-

gestion of modern slang in this quip on Jovinian. "What a man! What a great man! [A reference to his fatness.] Whose writings no one is smart enough to grasp, who, of necessity, 'must sing only for himself and the Muses.' " This one on a certain monk loses force in translation. *Parcat sibi, parcat mihi, parcat nomini Christiano; monachum se esse, non loquendo et discursando, sed tacendo et sedendo, noverit.* "Let him spare himself, have mercy on me and have some regard for the Christian name; let him learn that it is not by speaking and arguing that he is a monk but by sitting down and keeping his mouth shut." He borrows from Cicero, "You have the will to lie, you have not the skill to lie," and directs it against Rufinus. W. C. Brann of the *Iconoclast*, another master of sarcasm and satire uses the same against ex-priest Slattery.

This paper is not, of course, an essay on the works of the great teacher whom John of Salisbury denominates *Doctor Doctorum et Doctor Doctissimus.* It is not even a review of his letters which number one hundred and fifty-four and occupy three large volumes of the *Corpus Vindobonense.* It seems hardly fair to the saint, who could be and often was quite sweet and gentle, to quote only a dozen letters and of them too, the most waspish passages, but I simply wish to indicate, in some way, his right to be mentioned in the roll of satirists and especially in the roll of those who used their satire in defense of Catholic truth.

I SHALL NOT CLOSE THE DOOR

By Sister Mary Pierre Boucher

COLD is the wind that blows through my heart to-night,
But I shall not close the door . . . for Christ might come.
Dark is the gust that buffets my aching sight,
And cold is the wind that blows through my heart to-night.
Wild is the gale that snuffs my flickering light;
Chilled is my breast; my lips are frozen, numb—
Cold is the wind that blows through my heart to-night,
But I shall not close the door . . . for Christ might come.

WITH GOOD LUGGAGE

By Ruth Katherine Byrns

IT was good to be able to relax on the smooth wooden seat in the railway station after the forty-mile ride in the butter truck. Stanley was glad he had got the ride all the way to Madison but there was no use trying to ignore that the covering was worn off some of the springs in the truck seat and that old Chris Thompson made many unnecessary lurches as he drove. In spite of the jabbing springs and the lurches he had been able to regard the truck ride as a kind of lark, however. Discomfort hadn't reached his spirit. That was the important thing.

Stanley gave himself over to the luxury of slipping down a little on the smooth seat, then closed his eyes and looked at the matter as old Chris must see it. Driving a truck load of butter to Fond du Lac every morning and another to Madison every afternoon was a life of adventure—not the high adventure of youth, like coming to America had been—but a pleasant sort of middle age excitement, never knowing whom he might meet, never knowing when he would see an accident that he could tell about later and make himself the center of interest back at the creamery or in the pool hall after supper, and never knowing who might ask him for a ride. This afternoon, for instance, it must have been exciting to have Stanley Hollington step off the curb at the corner of Main and Willow and ask for a lift to Madison. More exciting for old Chris because in days past he had worked on the Hollington Farm, tinkering around the farm machinery, keeping the milking machine, and the binders, and the corn shredder, and the farm trucks, and the power plant in good condition. To think that he was just driving along, slow around the corner because the blacksmith shop hid the view, and a young man, a slim young man with good luggage and a proud set to his shoulders, stepped into the street and called out for a ride toward Madison; to think that the young man turned out to be Stanley Hollington; that was the sort of thing that must make old Chris like his job!

Stanley let himself slip down a little further, stretching his thin legs out straight on either side of his heavy brown leather bag. He had bought the bag in England when he was seventeen. That was the summer after he had graduated from Fort Allen high school—1920, that was. He settled his shoulders against the top of the bench and let his head sag forward. His toothache was almost gone and the warmth of his feet had softened the soapy stiffness of his hose so that he could scarcely feel the outlines of the holes. By to-morrow they would feel as comfortable as before they were washed.

Then he straightened himself up quickly as a woman sat down on the same bench. She had white hair and a mild face and a tweed coat. Stanley took off his hat and set it carefully across his knees, crown up. He wished that he had asked Louise to sew the paper napkins inside the band but he couldn't bring himself

to ask her. A man had to keep up appearances before his wife. He reviewed a quick image of how Louise must see him—poor and powerless but gentle and brave-hearted and generous. But he did wish that his stepfather's head hadn't been so big. The hats were as good as new but he was always afraid the padding would fall out.

The woman sighed. Stanley felt that she was looking at him. Regretting, no doubt, that she was no longer young, or, perhaps, wishing that she had a son like Stanley. A son with a strong profile—a profile lasts no matter how thin a man gets—and black curly hair—black hair always begins to gray young—and the smooth hands of an artist—selling brushes was easy on hands. He was sorry Louise's hands had got so rough.

It was too bad the woman didn't know about him. It might give her new faith in human nature—not that she looked disillusioned, but it never did anyone harm to see an incarnation of casual courage, to see, in fact to sit next to a man who, after growing up as heir to the largest farm estate in Wisconsin had suddenly found himself with a wife and a small son to support and nothing left but the big house in Fort Allen—to see a man who had been able to keep a detached, objective view of himself and his collapse, a man who refused to let the accidental conditions of life overwhelm him. A man who could sing—instantly, then, a gap in Stanley's mind closed itself: he remembered Cyrano. He snapped his fingers and clapped his thigh and abandoned the woman next him. He tried to remember more. He wished that he had studied harder in school. For months Cyrano's name had been eluding him, a taunting wraith, and now that he had caught the name he couldn't remember much else about him. He would have to look it up in the library some night in Chicago.

When strangers had met Cyrano they most likely didn't know about him either — high-hearted courage didn't label a man. That was why it must have been so confounded interesting for old Chris this afternoon. He couldn't help but see that Stanley was as cheerful as when he was a boy, debonair and democratic. He must have noticed when they drove past the Farm that Stanley was whistling, whistling an old song they used to sing during the War—"There are smiles that make you happy, there are smiles that make you gay." The songs were nicer then, and they were even better during the years he was in college. He remembered how he had liked "Margie." They didn't have good songs like that now.

He was glad he had remembered to ask old Chris about young Chris. He and young Chris had gone to high school together, and then when Stanley had gone east to college young Chris had gone to Madison and worked his way through the journalism school at the university. Old Chris must have heard the ring of sincerity in Stanley's congratulations when he heard about the job young Chris had now—manager of an advertising agency and living in a penthouse with five bathrooms in New York. Young Chris deserved the best, and no one could ever be able to say that Stanley was envious. If New York were only nearer he might drop in and see young Chris and tell him how pleased he was at his success, but no man could bum a ride to New York and

look good enough when he got there so that an old friend would urge him to take a job.

A movement of red caught Stanley's attention. It was a woman wearing a bright red suit and a white felt hat. Her sport shoes were white too, though it was early in the season for white shoes. There was something disturbingly familiar about her walk. The man with her, Stanley noticed, wore a coat of soft camel's hair and a light felt hat that matched it. All of his stepfather's hats were black. The man wore brown brogues and even halfway across the station Stanley sensed that they weren't polished too much. Smooth leather like his own shoes, though, needed a good polish to keep a man looking neat. Polished shoes and clean finger nails and a thoroughly brushed suit were really the kind of things that kept a man looking like a gentleman no matter how old his clothes might be.

The girl and the man turned toward him. Her gloves were white like her hat and shoes. Poor taste, Stanley decided. Then he looked at her face. He clutched the crown of his hat nervously and looked at her again. There was no mistaking her. It was Alice O'Connell, the druggist's daughter from Fort Allen. They had gone to school together from kindergarten through high school. Alice was the only little girl who had laughed at him when he wore those blue suits with the Eton jackets that his mother and his stepfather bought in New York. There hadn't been knee bands on the trousers. That was in the sixth grade. The boys had snickered and the girls had admired, all except Alice, and she had laughed. She had laughed too at the way he pronounced "either" and "Lancaster" and "clerk" when he came back from England the first time. The other little girls in the class had corrected their own pronunciations. And she was the only one in the grade who didn't laugh when he put the snake in the teacher's desk. That must have been in the eighth grade. He never knew whether she liked him or not. He had taken her to all the high school parties trying to find out, but he never knew. He hadn't seen her now in years.

The girl's eyes caught his. Her face changed in half-recognition. Stanley found himself with gritted teeth. He hadn't meant to speak to her—not that he would try to avoid her, but it must be almost time for the train. This late afternoon train was made up in Madison and so it always left on time. He tried to fix his gaze beyond them but they walked toward him.

Stanley put his hat down on the bench carefully and stood up. He set his face into the smile he had studied—the smile that didn't show the missing tooth.

"Alice, I'm so delighted," he exclaimed as he reached out his hand.

"Hello, Stanley." Alice smiled as though they had seen each other the day before. "This is my husband, Stanley, Dr. MacGuire, and Tim, this is Stanley—Stanley Hollington."

"How do you do, *Stanley*," her husband said and then he laughed with Alice as though there had been a joke.

"This is indeed a pleasure," Stanley replied, and he gave to his voice the very friendly tone that his stepfather had always used in talking to the farm manager and the housekeeper. Her red suit was well cut, he had to admit that, and she looked young. She was young, of course, a year younger than he was himself.

"You've been up to Fort Allen?" Alice asked.

"Yes, visiting my wife and little Stanley over the week-end. I'm getting back to Chicago on this train. I work there. Stimulating city," Stanley told her.

"I know," Alice said, "remember I studied there at the Art Institute for four years."

"Splendid," Stanley answered. He couldn't be sure whether she didn't see that his topcoat was cottony and that he needed a hair cut or whether she kept her eyes centered on his face because she had noticed. He was never sure about Alice. He would let her see that it hadn't changed him.

"I suppose you know, Alice, that we're all cleaned out—completely and thoroughly broke—not the depression, exactly, but the cumulation of ten years of farm difficulties. After my stepfather died we didn't manage things properly." He smiled as he told her, and shrugged his shoulders. She could tell, she and that smug husband of her's with the sharp eyes and the smell of disinfectant, that he wasn't a weakling who tried to blame it on his stepfather or even on the depression.

"It's no fun being poor," Alice said. "After my father died and I couldn't get a job I lived on practically nothing for a year. It's no fun," she repeated.

"Quite the contrary," Stanley contradicted, "I think it is really great sport. It gives you a chance to see values from a new angle. Your whole personality is tried and you find out for your own self what kind of stuff you are made of. If I had never been poor I would never have known how cheerful I am, and how little I need luxuries to make me happy."

"Well," said Alice, "I hated it. I hated the worry and the uncertainty and not having enough to eat when I was hungry, and I hated always looking for jobs."

"Then she met me and she married me for my money," the doctor said. He looked at Alice and they laughed together again. Stanley did not like the doctor. He decided that he did not like much laughter. And he did not like the way the doctor looked at him.

"I sell brushes," Stanley told them. He wanted them to know that he was taking the whole thing gallantly. "It is a great game, trying to figure out which doors will be slammed, which woman will invite you in and tell you about their psychic troubles, and which rare doors will mean a sale. It is like—like being in a play, watching yourself walk down the street and knock at every door." Stanley heard his voice go a bit shrill.

"You always were dramatic," Alice said in an uncomfortable sounding voice. Stanley felt that she was on the right track.

"Yes, a bit of a Cyrano at heart," Stanley said. "My spirit cannot be crushed by the accidentals of life."

"You grew up in Fort Allen?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, the proverbial pampered darling, Lord Fauntleroy suits, and ponies, trips abroad, and east to college. These knocks showed me that I wasn't weakened by it all. Now I can watch myself go down the street and knock at strange doors and I know that I see a man, a gentleman, a real sportsman." He heard his voice end again on a high note.

"You mustn't lose your grip on reality," the doctor said, in a smooth professional tone. Stanley gasped at his impudence.

"Stanley is a grand sport. You were always a good scout, Stanley. Get your bag and come out to the train. We came down to mail a letter. Such a good looking bag! You always liked good luggage. Gentleman *de luxe*! Know how to lose as well as win!" She kept murmuring short sentences as they walked across the station and out onto the platform. Stanley put his hat on cautiously.

"I'm bumming a ride," he told them. "It is great fun."

Alice shook hands quickly and pushed her husband toward the mail coach. Stanley walked toward the engine, crossed the track in front of the train, and climbed deliberately up behind the cab. The wind wouldn't be so bad there. No one would put him off—they never did any more. He settled himself as comfortably as he could, and thought of Alice. He was sure about her now. She saw him exactly as he was. Gallant and brave and cheerful. Detached, not subjective. Gentleman in any situation.

He caught a glimpse of the red suit moving across the platform. He stood up gravely and bowed. A red arm waved up at him. She was saluting strength of character, he knew. And then across the space he felt the practical blue eyes of the doctor. In a brief flash, like a cutting pain, he shared the doctor's eyes and saw a shabby wreck of a man, almost hysterical, gaunt from lack of nourishing food, stimulated and kept going by delusion of grandeur of character. The engine let out a puff of steam and the picture was gone. Stanley sat down. Riding here was an adventure.

When he got into Chicago he would have a steak—a ten-cent hamburger steak. He let his mind dwell on how good it would taste. He closed his eyes as the train started and saw a slim young man with good luggage weaving his way through the men standing on Halstead street to the lunch room where they served the biggest steaks. The young man's step was jaunty and he held his head high.

MICHELANGELO

Last Mighty Master of the Renaissance

By Winifred Heath

THE prosaic soul of Ludovico Simone Buonarroti must have been strangely stirred by some faint foreknowledge of the future when he named his son in honor of the Archangel Michael. For by the stupendous power of his work with brush and chisel Michelangelo proved himself somewhat more than human. No one in his time equalled his achievements, nor have any since been able fully to follow him. In Michelangelo culminated the glory of the Renaissance. He came at the very height of that "strange, over-cultured, strong, yet dying age . . . the full richness pausing for a moment ere the decline." In his works Michelangelo has expressed, with relentless truth, the magnificence and misery of those tragic, tremendous days. This last supreme artist of the late Renaissance hewed his way through life, even as he wrestled with marble and paint, producing magnificent results with agony of soul and inexpressible weariness of body. He could never float gracefully along with the courtly crowd, as did Leonardo and Raphael, who owed their pleasant success in life not only to their consummate genius, but also to the charm of personality which accompanied it. Michelangelo outlived both those great and fascinating masters, a gruff, sturdy, uncompromising soul, whom men were more apt to fear than love. Yet in his portraits, sonnets, and letters there breathes a touching tenderness, a hunger for affection, translated on that rugged countenance into a wistful smile.

Michelangelo was born in 1475 at Caprese, in the mountain country where Dante had wandered an exile from his beloved but entirely ungrateful city of Florence. Little did the great poet dream that his works should inspire the world's mightiest artist. Michelangelo remained all his life a lover of the great poet, and at one time most beautifully illustrated some of his writings, which priceless volume, together with many other fine works of Michelangelo, has utterly disappeared.

Even in his early days Michelangelo knew struggle and disappointment. Condivi, Michelangelo's first biographer, a student and friend, says of the boy's father that he was "a good and righteous man of habits rather antiquated than otherwise." Messer Simone prided himself on the fact that he managed to live on the meager rents from his small holdings, and had never descended to a craft or trade. It was a bitter blow when his young son announced that he intended to become a painter, and he did all possible to dissuade him, but with no success. Michelangelo, spurred on by a friend of his who had seen the Medici art galleries, was determined to become an artist no matter with what opposition he had to deal.

Finally at the age of thirteen he got himself apprenticed to the gifted

Domenico Ghirlandaio, then the most famous artist in Italy, going in as a paid assistant. That the Ghirlandaio brothers were willing to pay for his services proves either that Michelangelo had already attained a certain proficiency, or that his father was a good business man.

Michelangelo did not stay very long in the *bottega* of the Ghirlandaio brothers, for he was selected as a promising pupil for the Medici School of Sculpture. Once again the parental approval was hard to obtain, for Messer Simone could see no difference whatever between a stonecutter and a sculptor. It took a personal interview with the somewhat amused Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the promise of some small appointment, to overcome those gentlemanly scruples. For four happy years the boy studied in the lovely Medici Gardens on the banks of the River Arno, surrounded by examples of classic art. Treated more as a son of the house than a student, Michelangelo sat at table with the sons of Lorenzo, listening to much brilliant conversation, and drinking in much and varied information to serve him in later years.

With the death of Lorenzo in 1492 those fruitful, joyous days ended, and Michelangelo went sorrowfully home. For a while he served Piero de' Medici, the insignificant son of a great father. When called upon by the young prince to fashion a statue of snow, Michelangelo made it in the form of a satyr with the features of Piero. Little did Piero realize how aptly that frail figure symbolized his own swift passing from magnificence to oblivion.

The people of Florence grew weary of the wasteful and wanton living of Piero de' Medici and drove him out of the city. Naturally, those of the Medici household shared this disfavor, so Michelangelo and some of his fellow students went to Bologna. There he got himself into trouble by omitting to follow the civic regulation which obliged all foreigners to have their thumbs marked with a red seal, or pay a heavy fine. However, a member of the influential Aldrovandi family of Bologna took an interest in this twenty-year-old sculptor, and obtained several commissions for him, one of them being an exquisite kneeling angel which he made for the tomb of St. Dominic. Condivi gives us a pleasant picture of the friendship between Michelangelo and Aldrovandi, who spent many happy hours together reading from Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio until the good magistrate went to sleep.

Those happy days came to a sudden end, for the artists of Bologna grew jealous of this young man from Florence, claiming he was taking the bread out of their mouths. Returning to Florence he found Savonarola controlling the people who, moved to repentance by his fiery eloquence, and seized with panic fear at his denunciations, threw to the flames all manner of art treasures, manuscripts and jewels, many priceless articles which might never be replaced.

Here once more the house of Lorenzo befriended him, Pierfrancesco de' Medici giving him several commissions, one of them a statue of St. John as a boy. He also carved a recumbent Cupid so true to classic form that an ill-advised agent sold it to the Cardinal of San Giorgio in Rome as a genuine antique. When the Cardinal discovered the fraud, he was naturally displeased, but nevertheless expressed an interest in the young artist, inviting Michel-

angelo to Rome. On arriving in Rome his high hopes were dashed to the ground by a strange indifference on the part of the Cardinal. However, a Roman nobleman, Jacopo Galli, became his good friend and through him Michelangelo obtained a commission for the French Abbot of Saint Denis. The *Pietà* which he wrought, at the age of twenty-four, was the tenderest of all his works, and the only one he ever signed with his name. This lovely work, of "a universal holiness," is in strange contrast with the Bacchus produced shortly before it, which was entirely pagan in spirit. Not only is this one of the most poignant representations of the sorrowing mother of Christ and her sacrificial Son, but wrought into the silent marble is the stricken silence of life upon the threshold of death. In the downcast eyes, and in one most eloquent, outstretched hand, we read the mute, enduring question of the living to the dead.

There was a tragic reason for this new depth of feeling and spirituality, for it was just about this time that word reached Rome of the execution of Savonarola. There is no doubt that Michelangelo was shocked and saddened, rudely awakened to the cruelty of life by the terrible death of his friend and counselor, whose compelling words had been "branded on his soul," whose teachings he remembered to the end of his days.

Following the *Pietà* came the colossal "David," known in his own day as "The Giant." This remarkable figure with its magnificent head and vigorous young body, was carved from a huge block of marble on which another sculptor had worked unsuccessfully forty years before.

The whole of Florence was amazed and all the best artists were called in to determine where it should be set up. In this great figure we find the first hint of that quality best described by the Italian word *terribilità*, awe-inspiring, spirit-shaking power, which was to reach its culmination, its utmost terror and supreme melancholy, in the "Last Judgment," painted when Michelangelo was over sixty years of age.

Several happenings reported by Condivi, and later by Vasari, prove that Michelangelo for all his gravity of nature, had a healthy sense of humor — and how often he must have needed it!

One instance that Vasari gives us concerns Piero Soderini, Chief Magistrate of Florence, and a very good friend of the young sculptor. The good man prided himself on a knowledge of art, and on first viewing the "David" ventured to remark that the nose did not quite suit him. Whereupon Michelangelo picked up his chisel, gathered a handful of powdered marble and ascended the scaffold. Tapping the nose lightly, and in nowise changing the shape, he scattered the powder, and then called down to Soderini for his opinion. Soderini replied that he liked it much better, that "he had given it life." Michelangelo then descended, as Vasari says, "not without compassion for those who desire to appear good judges of matters whereof they know nothing."

Another amusing incident was the commission for a terrific statue given him by a certain ambitious patron. It was to be a giant towering over everything in sight, size being the chief consideration. To the written instructions Michelangelo replied with a most amusing epistle.

In this he suggests as a site for the colossus the place of a barber shop, which establishment could be placed inside the statue, with no loss of rent. He also said that by putting a horn of plenty in one of the giant's hands, the barber's chimney could be neatly accommodated, and finishes this ironic missive by passing on the clever idea of a "truckster friend" who thought by making the great head hollow it could serve splendidly as a dovecote. Nothing more was ever heard of that particular commission.

It was Piero Soderini who obtained for his friend Michelangelo a commission for the designing of a companion work to Leonardo da Vinci's famous cartoon (now lost) "The Battle of Anghiari." For this the artist chose a scene from the Pisan War of 1364, when the Florentine army was disturbed while bathing in a river. This cartoon was the marvel of his time, but all that is left are his superb drawings,—the world having never known a finer draftsman,—and a few scraps scattered all over the world.

In the midst of his work upon this great cartoon and before he was able to complete it, he was called to Rome by Pope Julius II. to work upon his mighty mausoleum, intended to be a magnificent memorial to all the arts, rather than a mere tomb. This commission brought forty years of trouble in its wake and is called by the sympathetic Condivi, "the tragedy of the tomb." To it were due misunderstandings, continual interruptions of other work, and many other annoyances, a continuing shadow upon what was already a hard road.

Julius II. was one of the most energetic rulers the world has ever seen, who went to war himself surrounded with his Cardinals, "a sight most glorious to see," as one contemporary historian has recorded. He was, withal, the protector and friend of all the arts, a true member of the House of Medici in that respect, for in spite of some rather terrible faults, the world owes that powerful family an enormous debt for their encouragement and protection of artists and writers. But for them many of our most priceless possessions could never have existed. As one writer has said, it needed the meeting of these two men, Pope Julius II. and Michelangelo, "in the one such perseverance in requiring, and in the other such power to fulfill" to produce such monumental works as the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the mighty figure of "Moses."

No sooner had the sculptor started to work on this great mausoleum than Julius, subject to swift changes of mind and an imperious haste, called upon his preferred, and at times protesting artist, to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. This was entirely against Michelangelo's own inclinations, for he considered himself first and last a sculptor, and looked upon the sister art of painting as womanish work. He had helped Domenico with certain frescoes for a Florentine church and had devised a remarkable scaffold, which was to serve him in this great task. But since those days he had done little work with brush and paint, and had no inclination toward it. It is said that this particular commission was imposed upon him against his own will by the influence of other jealous artists, who hoped to prove that no matter how fine a sculptor he might be, Michelangelo was but a poor painter. Little did they dream how

utterly and magnificently he would "confute their knavish tricks."

For hours he kept vigil alone in the quiet, dark chapel, dreaming of those who had worked there before him, praying for guidance in this difficult task. Manfully he started but the results were disappointing and he decided that to paint merely the Twelve Apostles, as the Pope had suggested, would be but a poor task. He so advised Julius II. and was told to use his own judgment, but to go ahead with all due diligence. In order to refresh his knowledge of fresco work he called in some artists of Florence but their painting did not please him. In a fit of irritation he shut himself up in the Chapel and would let no one in, not even the men he had called in to help him. Finally those disconsolate artists returned to Florence, not a little humiliated and hurt at such odd behavior on the part of Michelangelo.

As he stayed on in silence, studying, thinking, dreaming, there came a new inspiration and a great vision. The onerous task became a glorious undertaking, calling for all his powers as draftsman, painter, sculptor, architect, student, and seer who, as Goethe said, "saw the world with larger eyes than ours."

In a year the work was half finished but the Pope would wait no longer for its uncovering and in spite of all the artist's protestations the first great half was shown to the world. In 1512, after more than four years, the frescoes were completed, and the whole world acclaimed this magnificent achievement, including Raphael, who exclaimed with generous warmth that he was glad to have been born in the same age as so consummate a master. It is quite possible that without interference from friends and enemies the gentle Raphael might have been a good friend of the gruff but kindly Michelangelo, but they were never permitted to attempt any friendly overtures.

Not only did Michelangelo suffer an agony of physical discomfort and weariness from those long years when he lay on his back high up on a scaffold, only stopping occasionally to draw up some food, and often sleeping up there without changing his clothing, but funds were hard to obtain. He had no courtly wiles with which to wheedle financial assistance from high quarters, but was apt to demand what he felt was due in no uncertain terms. With no respect of persons his gruff manners sometimes defeated his own ends, although as an old man he was treated with deference even by the highest, and princes stood bareheaded in his presence.

Something of all he endured as he carried out this great work we may gather from his letters to his father and brothers. They were ungrateful and unappreciative, yet he never ceased to love them and care for them, although at times his epistles spit fire—and with good reason. They seemed to have had an endless capacity for getting into difficulties from which he had to rescue them with money and good counsel.

To his old father he writes: "I live here in great distress, and the utmost bodily fatigue. I have no friends and seek none." And again: "I am suffering greater hardships than ever man endured, ill and with overwhelming labor, still I put up with all in order to reach the desired end." Then these brave and wistful words he writes home as he nears the end of the tremendous task: "It is enough to have bread and live in

the faith of Christ, even as I do here, nor do I care for the life, nor for the honors of this world. I endure great weariness."

Yet, with all this toil and manifold trouble, mental and physical weariness, Michelangelo did not lose his courage or his sense of humor. He proves this in some lines which he wrote, the manuscript being decorated with a most amusing sketch of himself:

"My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
Fixed on my spine. My breast bone visibly
Grows like a harp; a rich embroidery
Bedews my face from brush drops, thick and thin."

Those hours of travail, that courage which endured until the "desired end" had been reached, gave to the world its finest piece of painting, with a power and sweep of mind and brush still unparalleled. Still matchless are those marvelous panels representing the whole "Bible of Man's Fate," his creation, fall, and promise of salvation.

Before those mighty forms of Jehovah, the Prophets, Sibyls, and Splendid Youths, we are compelled to stand silent, for the artist has soared beyond human criticism. We are seized, as one modern artist has said, with such a thrill of awed amazement as Adam must have felt when he first opened his eyes upon the world as God had made it. Nor has any artist given us a nobler conception of our first forefather Adam, than Michelangelo in his great fresco.

Yet for all the glory that this achievement brought him, there was still a shadow on the way, for the tomb of Julius II. remained incomplete, and he was not permitted to continue it. All other work had to be set aside while he made plans for a splendid façade for the Church of San Lorenzo, which project was never finished. Following his reluctant abandonment of the façade Michelangelo was called to work upon the Medicean Tombs in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. Greater than the figures of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, son and nephew of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are the splendid, awe-inspiring figures upon the two tombs, Night and Morning, Dawn and Twilight.

The statue of "Night" called forth some lines from the poet Strozzi:

"Night in so sweet an attitude beheld
Asleep, was by an angel sculptured
In this tomb; and sleeping, is alive;
Waken her, doubter; she will speak to thee."

To which Michelangelo, mindful of the unhappy condition of his own beloved country, the sacking of Rome, the siege of Florence, replied:

"Welcome is sleep, more welcome sleep of stone
Whilst crime and shame continue in the land;
My happy fortune not to see or hear;
Waken me not;—in mercy whisper low."

All his life Michelangelo was troubled by the terrible happenings around him, the turmoil, trickery, and tragedy. In a sonnet he has set down a terrible indictment against those princes who used the Church merely to forward their own unbridled ambitions:

"Here swords are wrought from cups
of sacrament,
The holy blood of Christ is given
for gold.
For lance and buckler, cross and
thorns are sold,
The very patience of the Christ is
spent."

In 1529 Michelangelo was called upon to fortify the city of Florence against the returning Medici, an undertaking which must have caused him mixed emotions, for he was then in the very midst of his work upon the Medicean Tombs in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

With the capitulation of Florence, and the accession of the Medicean Pope Clement VII., Michelangelo thought it wiser to go into hiding. But the Pope, with true Medicean respect for genius, even in an enemy, sent word to the sculptor that all would be forgiven him if he would continue his work upon the Tombs.

This meant the continued neglect of the mausoleum of Julius II., causing more complications, for Michelangelo was accused of having received money for services not performed. This unjust accusation caused him a deal of unhappiness and in one passionate outcry he writes: "Every day I am stoned as though I had crucified Christ. My youth has been lost, bound in and fettered to this tomb." At one time he exclaimed that it would have been better had he made sulphur matches all his life, rather than to have taken up the wretched trade of the artist.

At last in 1542 a papal brief forbidding him to work any more upon the tomb of Julius II., lifted the load from his shoulders, after forty long years. The body of the Pope never rested in the tomb so magnificently planned, but in it Michelangelo surely buried many of his best years and highest hopes.

In 1535 Pope Paul II. appointed Michelangelo chief architect, sculptor, and painter of the Vatican, and commissioned him to start work on the painting of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. On Christmas Day, 1541, the finished work was presented to the public and we can faintly imagine the amazement of that vast throng as they saw, for the first time, that terrible representation of God's Last Judgment upon the erring world. Here is no trace of the Everlasting Mercy, but we are forcibly reminded of those words of Michelangelo, — "the very patience of the Christ is spent."

In this terrific painting, as Condivi has said, "We see represented whatever nature can do with the human body." Here, too, are all the horrors of Dante's Inferno, and the wrath against sinners which flamed in the soul of Savonarola.

While working upon the "Last Judgment" Michelangelo met and gained the admiring friendship of Vittoria Colonna, a great and noble lady, fine of mind, deep of thought, pure of heart and kind. She who so wisely said that the work Michelangelo had done was as nothing compared with the inner greatness of his soul, lifted him out of his long loneliness for a little while. Many hours they spent together in quiet talk of the high things they both loved, thankful to the God Who had given them this good comradeship. In his sonnets wherein Michelangelo set down his whole heart, he speaks of her with love and deep respect:

"Rapt above earth by power of one
fair face,
Hers, in whose sway alone my heart
delights,

I mingle with the Blest on those pure heights
Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place,
With Him who made the Work that Work accords
So well that, by its help and through His grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace."

In that last line we read the spiritual beauty of that consoling friendship, its power to comfort and lift him above the little wearinesses of life, and lesser things:

"She lured me from the paths I whilom trod
Borne from my former state by her away,
I stand aloof, and mine own self deplore.
Above all vain desire
The beauty of her face doth lift my clay."

Her death in 1547 left him broken in heart and health, but still the mighty mind worked on. In that same year he was appointed architect and chief of construction for the great Basilica of St. Peter's, whose reconstruction had long been under discussion. This commission he also accepted with reluctance, accepting it only for "the love of God." It may well be that in so noble a task he found some comforting for his great loss.

While designing the great dome of St. Peter's some one remarked to Michelangelo that now he had a good opportunity to eclipse the famous cupola of Brunelleschi at Florence. But this cathedral was the best loved of all the buildings that Michelangelo knew and he replied that while he might make a larger and a different dome, he could never make a lovelier one. Sharply as he could criticize inferior, careless work he could also praise with generous measure. Of the wonderful doors of Ghiberti he said they were fit to be set at the entrance to Paradise. For hours he would stand before the pictures of Giotto, the frescoes on the walls of the Church of Santa Croce, by the hand of the first of that great line of masters whose powers bore full fruition in Michelangelo. It was here in Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence, that his friends laid him at last to rest.

With all his high achievements, Michelangelo was never satisfied, and once, in unhappy mood, cried out: "How little of all that I ever dreamed, has my hand accomplished," to which his worshipful admirer, Benvenuto Cellini replied:

"Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,
Prophets and Sibyls and the Last Judgment answer."

In the few portraits that we have of Michelangelo, most of them in his later years, we see rugged features, a flattened nose due to a youthful fight, a tightly curled beard, splendid forehead, shaggy brows, and a wistful smile, asking perhaps indulgence for certain fits of Jovian wrath, or purely human petulance.

In the sonnets written during his later years, Michelangelo poured out his very self. He wrote many letters, one of the most touching of those very human documents being a letter written to Vasari, his favorite pupil, on the death of the man who

had served him so many years, Urbino. He says: "The best of me is gone with him, and there is nothing left to me here but infinite misery. I have no other hope left but to meet him again in Paradise, where God, through the very blessed death he made, has shown me that he has gone." One of the most profound of his utterances was Michelangelo's statement that since by the same hand that gave us life, which we love, came also death, we should not fear it or be displeased at its coming.

Michelangelo did not look upon Nature working her way with our earth as the "Mistress of all Masters," as had Leonardo da Vinci and other masters. For him the one chief beauty, the most perfect form of creation, was man:

"Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere
More clearly than in human form divine."

He was little given to seeking solace in quiet green places, but after the death of Urbino we find him visiting the hermits of the hills of Spoleto. Here, as he writes to Vasari, he found consolation: "I have come back less than half myself to Rome; for of a truth there is no peace to be found except among the woods."

We cannot help but wish that he had sought the comforting of woods and fields, the high comradeship of trees, a little sooner in life, for there he would have found healing, and peace in the beauty which broods like a benediction over hill and valley in the pleasant land of Italy.

In the late afternoon of February 18, 1564, at the age of eighty-nine, Michelangelo came to the end of his living and enduring. Vasari, who was present and later designed his beloved master's last resting place, tells us that his will consisted of three short sentences, committing his soul into the hands of God, his body to the earth, and his substance to his nearest relatives, enjoining upon the last, when their hour came, to think upon the sufferings of Christ.

At the end of his days, when he had attained the utmost height of human greatness, Michelangelo became the more convinced that only in the love and leadership of God could man find contentment:

"Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father, Thou must lead."

The sonnet with which he made his last farewell to the world finishes with three perfect lines:

"Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread."

His last, unfinished work was a *Pietà*, as was the first and loveliest of his great productions.

Surely this great soul, this last mighty Master of the Renaissance, who kept so humble a spirit, found in the end the peace denied him on earth, the final fulfillment of hopes too high for human consummation.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THE feeling is very firmly fixed in America that if the European powers cannot keep peace in Europe no one can keep it for them. The argument that the League is not "universal" enough is singularly unimpressive. For in the Ethiopian affair, surely, it was not the absence of America, Japan and Germany but the cross-purposes and indecision of Britain and France which produced the fiasco. There is no reason to think that if we had joined in the ineffective sanctions that they would have been much more effective, and nothing we could possibly have contributed would have made it any safer for the British Navy to close the highways to the Italian conqueror. No matter how universal the League becomes, the test will always be whether the powers nearest to the aggressor are willing to fight him. If they are not, the distant nations can add nothing of substance to the League; if they are willing to fight him, there will be in that part of the world the substance of collective security.

—Walter Lippmann.

If it were not for the man of letters we should be suffocated with materialism . . . for the man of letters does not give out of his possessions, but out of his life, which, like all life, is infinitely precious. Every time he succeeds in imprisoning in words an idea about the human spirit he gives away a fragment of himself; it is no longer a part of him when he finds words to express it. He may feel a fleeting glow of satisfaction over his success; after studying a subject, wondering about it, thinking about it, wrestling with it on sleepless nights, he has fitted it into the common speech, which is a writer's triumph. But it is part of his past as soon as he has found the right words for it; the joy he once took in it has vanished, and what was once a golden part of his being looks commonplace to him and dull, and he can never return to what is finished. Having given a part of his own life to any one who wants it, he is that much poorer until or unless he discovers new resources within himself.

—Brooks Atkinson, in *The New York Times*, June 7th.

Christianity is bound to protest against any social system which claims the whole of man and sets itself up as the final end of human action, for it asserts that man's essential nature transcends all political and economic forms. Civilization is a road by which man travels, not a house for him to dwell in. His true city is elsewhere.

—Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State* (Sheed & Ward).

It was all well enough for the people of the Eighteen Forties to say about one of the earlier conquests in communication, "What hath God wrought!" . . . When people began to fly from New York to Los Angeles in a dozen hours, what did they say? The transportation companies did not urge people to see a beautiful

sunrise in New York and a lovely sunset in Los Angeles. They did not hold out the chance of listening to Professor Einstein at 9 A. M. in a New York hall and to Professor Millikan in Pasadena at 9 P. M. The airways people spent thousands of dollars publicizing the fact that as a result of the giant strides of science and technology a man could now eat breakfast in New York and supper in Los Angeles.

—*The New York Times*, May 31st.

We have no shrines anymore—we Protestant-Puritan-Pagan-Anglo-Saxon Occidentals—no tranquil Buddhas, or symbols of the Passion by the roadside, no solemn temples, few cool, silent churches, always open and inviting to withdrawal for a moment from the hurly-burly of the world. It is not my business to determine whether that means loss or gain. But one thing it is always in our power to do—to withdraw now and then from the periphery to the centre, from the ceaseless whirl of the life that . . . eddies around us to the deep serenity of those great souls of better centuries . . . who give . . . "authentic tidings of invisible things."

—John Livingstone Lowes, *What is a Book?* (Houghton Mifflin).

Every candidate for the bachelorship or doctorate is expected to overflow with pious phrases of "appreciation." The present examination system is calculated to produce the literary and artistic equivalents of Tartuffe and Pecksniff. That men should hypocritically pay the tribute that philistinism owes to culture is greatly to be desired. The tendency to be realistic and hard-boiled is as dangerous in the sphere of culture as in that of politics. . . . Intellectual snobbery is, I insist, an excellent thing, but like all excellent things there may be too much of it. An examination system that encourages the candidate to adorn his non-literary and non-artistic knowledge of literature and art with a thin veneer of "appreciative" cant is calculated to produce an excessive number of cultural Pecksniffs each convinced on the strength of his diploma that he is always right.

—Aldous Huxley, *Southern Review*.

For one principle or idea to bear the test of time and be an ultimate good to its believers, it must be capable of expansion and be fit to embrace and harmonize the myriad experiences and truths which man must encounter in his passage through time. . . . All the partial and momentary salvations preached sound shrill and foolish compared with the plenitude of the Christian faith. . . . It is Christianity alone which knows what is in man, has regard for his dignity when an age decries it, bids him be modest when a liberalistic, evolutionary doctrine would pet and pander to his liberty, demands of him thought and a disciplined mind, throws beauty in his way and exalts a married love above the vicissitudes of time.

—M. C. D'Arcy, *Mirage and Truth* (Macmillan).

Everybody throws bouquets at youth, and everybody exploits youth. Once upon a time people did not go so far as to say that the world belonged to youth. They contented themselves with speaking of the claims of youth, but they apparently meant it. Youth was entitled to greater freedom in the home, and got it. Youth was entitled to greater freedom in school, and got it. Youth was entitled to as long a period of exemption as possible from factory

and shop; and we did greatly cut down the number of children in the factories and their hours. Today people insist that youth owns the world and has the remaking of the world, nothing less. And the first thing we know, youth loses every vestige of freedom, and is put into uniform, and is drafted into Hitler's labor camps, and children dig subways for Stalin, and babies throw hand grenades for Mussolini. The future belongs to youth, and the future turns out to be battalions, and bombing planes, and tanks, and submarines.

—*The New York Times*, May 24th.

Political and social freedom cannot endure in the long run without economic freedom. Economic freedom means that workers must organize themselves not primarily to protect the interests of each little group of craft workers but for the protection of all workers and the greater efficiency of industry. It means that agrarianism, and the independence it brings, will be treasured above the profit motive in agriculture. It means that such monopolies as need to exist for greater efficiency shall be regarded not as private enterprises but as public services, and that all others shall be circumscribed. It means competition, and the reward of energy and creative ability. The choice for us is not yet Fascism vs. Communism. It is still Freedom vs. Slavery. But Freedom also demands a program and a philosophy.

—Dorothy Thompson.

Human life to-day is so complex that it is often difficult to discuss it in simple language. We cannot, obviously, explain the wireless, or the cinema, or an Unemployment Insurance Bill, in honest Anglo-Saxon. We invent new words or give a twist to old ones; we run for help, and rightly, to ancient Latin and Greek. It is amusing to note that all the 'live' modern devices get their names from the 'dead' languages. Even in politics the latest thing is always Latin—a 'quota,' or a 'moratorium,' a 'referendum,' or 'propaganda.'

—A. P. Herbert, *What a Word!* (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.).

THE LURE OF ILLITERACY

By Blanche Jennings Thompson

"HI, Bill!"

"Hi, Jim!"

"Say Bill, I gotta new bus and is it a honey!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Sure thing! Wanna breeze down and give it the once-over?"

"Okiedoke, let's get goin'."

Illiterates? No, just two average business men, both of them probably holding college degrees, indulging in a bit of ordinary conversation.

Why has the lingo of illiteracy taken such hold upon the American public and what has become of our once vaunted English language? Is the new jargon merely ephemeral, or is even moderately scholarly English doomed?

"He was accidently injured," says the news item; "Cancha hear me callin'?", carols the crooner; and even the once staid real estate advertisement q u e r i e s coyly, "Wanna buy a house?" The speech of student and *savant* is flavored with Joepennerisms and the idiom of Amos 'n' Andy. The man in the street has the comic strips for his Bible and Eddie Cantor for his patron saint.

While most of the current jargon finds its genesis in the comic strips and the popular songs with a generous admixture of the cheap patter of screen and radio comedians, the reasons for the easy acceptance of such influences is a bit difficult to understand. While there are those who would point out that the radio influence is constructive because of contests to promote better enunciation and pronunciation and other attempts at improvement, it will be noted that it is not the really distinguished speech achieved by many radio announcers that is imitated. It is not Walter Damrosch or Deems Taylor upon whom the fickle public sets its choice, but Jimmie Durante and Ed Wynn. Why?

One reason is that we are nationally afraid to grow old. We fear years and dignity. We wish to appear eternally young. Was it Robert Haven Schauffler who coined that delightful word "Peterpantheism"? It is the perfect expression of our self-conscious childishness. Other writers have pointed out kindred characteristics such as our love of "baby parties" with two-hundred pound matrons roguishly masquerading in rompers and hairy giants disporting themselves in sockees and shorts. Advertisements continually urge upon us "youthful" clothes, "slenderizing silhouettes," panties and scanties. Even the men now have their "speedies." Parents encourage their children to call them by their first names. Even grandmothers must be known as "Nana" or some other pseudonym, for "Grandma" is a term of opprobrium. Youth must be served.

This fear lest we be caught looking intelligent results in an imitation of everything youthful. If young people like wisecracks and hot-cha numbers, the preceding generation must enjoy or simulate enjoyment of these phenomena lest

they fall into the ranks of the old-timers. Dignified and adequate speech sounds frightfully middle-aged. We too must have our Sunday "nite" frocks and cocktails for two. If we stick to the good old traditional *night*, we may just as well put on our rubbers and plod to prayer-meeting—if we can find one; youth has left us behind.

Perhaps a little research may prove helpful. An examination of the week-end series of "funnies" coming into one household with the Sunday newspapers sheds some light upon the pernicious influence of the comic supplements. Of sixty sequences examined, all but four contained the most glaring grammatical errors and of the four remaining, two bore no captions at all. Just why labored misspelling and stupid distortion of the language should be considered humorous is a matter for conjecture. One has only to glance over the appended excerpts, however, each of which is from a different comic strip, to realize that it is little wonder that the present generation is fast losing the power to speak, read, or write English.

"I guess Mr. Parker and Mister Hurley is perfeshinals. They alweez beat youse, at least youse are alweez kickin'."

"Gimme that beach ball, ya little runt before I knock you loose from your moorings."

"Yeah, one of the sailors—he scrammed when I got near him."

"There's somep'n goofy about this one."

"Yes, sir . . . I'll gitcha caddy right away, Mr. Davis."

"Where ya gonna put them?"

"C'mon, Bob. I gotta idea and yuh gotta help me."

"If yer parents sez for ya to brush yer teeth before ya go to bed ya better do it on account of yer maw and pa knows what they're talkin' about—an ya sure don't want to look like this swab when ya grows up—yers trulie."

"Get away from them sanriches, ya swab! Dang if ya ain't the craziest lumakick I ever seen."

"Shucks! No one will be foolish enuf to come out a day like this so jes forget it an' try an' keep cool."

"Me sub's fuller water! An' all I asked yu fer was a quart of erl! Low-down horspitality it calls it."

"Calm y'self, fish! Not too much noise or we'll wake up Papa's lil wood-chopper."

"Don't open your trap—let me handle this bird."

"Wot's eatin' you Jack? I got a date for tonite."

"I thought you had a lot of guts."

"There oughta be some way that I can get away."

"Yeh! Zatso—so wut? All old bachelors is crabs."

"I can tease some grub off Rachel. . . . There were onions in 'em. Let's smell yer breath."

"Sunday I accidently put a tack on the deacon's chair."

"Whatcha doin' Mary? I ran outa soap."

"I don't care to lay in the hammick."

"Nuthin we kin do but wait. . . . Yup, 'ats all we kin do . . . shucks, it was wuth it."

"Lissen, yuh mush-mouthed, fan-eared flea-pack wotsa idea in snitching this tub—oh there ain't any oars."

Small wonder that conversation is a lost art and the rapier wit of a bygone day unintelligible to students trained in such a school. The

comic strips, however, must not be charged with all the current illiteracy. Many vaudeville acts flaunt the grossest vulgarity, and the radio with all its powerful appeal to young people has sponsored a great variety of entertaining programs, depending almost entirely for their interest upon some dialectic variant, such as the Negro dialect used by Amos 'n' Andy; Yiddish, as in the Rise of the Goldbergs; cowboy songs, hill-billy ballads, and the patter of a dozen callow comedians with their stuttering stooges. Every successful catchword, moreover, is immediately incorporated into the vocabulary of the vast radio audiences the country over and repeated *ad nauseam* until it wears itself out or gives place to a new one. It is not the high school students either who make such assiduous use of the current "wisecrack." Housewives, bridge-players, staid business men, and even—it must be admitted with regret—some school teachers appear to believe that a liberal admixture of illiteracy adds color and verve to their conversation.

Let us consider another prolific source of decorative addenda to the resources of our sober mother tongue. Examine, if you will, some of these excerpts from current popular songs, many of which are set to a lilting music which makes them fatally easy to memorize.

"Who's your little whosis,
Who's your turtle dove?"

"I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you."

"I've got the funniest feelin',
It was somethin' you said."

"Now I ain't got nobody
And nobody cares for me."

"Baby, you've made it blue for me,
Ya know ya did, ya know ya did."

"Listen to the throbbin' throbbin' of the robin
Sobbin' in the branches above."

"I'm gonna ask the bobolink
Wha' does he think,
Wha' does he think about my baby."

"Oo, I'm gonna make you love me too,
But darling, maybe I've bitten off much more than I can chew."

Alas for romance, couched in such terms! No wonder the divorce mills grind and the institution of the family totters upon its base. Grace and dignity are gone, and sacred things are cheapened and profaned.

Of course one may make allowances for the hardworked unfortunates who are obliged to cater to the fickle public of stage, screen, and Tin Pan Alley, but in other and more important fields there is discernible a distressing tendency to let down the bars. There was a time when reportorial errors were corrected by an alert rewrite man and when editorial errors were rare as white robins, but in these decadent days the startled eye may rest upon such astonishing statements as the following, culled from the most reputable newspapers:

"The body was *laying* on the rocks" (news item).

"On the lid of his coffin *was* his golden *crown* and his *sword*" (news item).

"The *words* that expressed his philosophy *was* a Japanese motto" (editorial).

"There's something about a soldier," *goes* the *words* of a popular song" (news item).

"The Negro ordered the manager to *lay* face downward on the floor" (news item).

"Survivors *is* one aunt and several cousins" (death notice).

"The body of the dead Berthou *had laid* in state beside Alexander" (news item).

"The child's future will be *different than* her past life" (news item).

"Out of the White House cellar *comes* 1,800 wine *glasses*" (sound news).

"You should *sit* your guests around the table" (etiquette item).

"These films have been allowed to *lay* in almost criminal neglect in Washington" (film critic's column).

"At a luncheon *of we* clubwomen . . . " (prominent woman officeholder).

"When he came out he was *donned* in new clothes" (boy's magazine).

"He *strived* to do it" (news item).

"Wall Street has deliberately *laid down* on the job" (Stock report).

"The champion never *faultered*" (sports item).

"Here *comes* the *British*" (rotogravure caption).

"Her second husband *who* she divorced in 1928 . . . " (news item).

"After firemen *had shook* their heads over the impossibility . . . " (news item).

"Mrs. Bonesteel *impungs* witness" (court item).

Obviously something is wrong somewhere. Our kindly paternalism which extends the privileges of higher education to all who desire it, has somehow failed to endow all youth with the necessary aptitudes for making use of it. A capable reporter, however young, should certainly be able to write simple English without gross error, and still more certainly, if he isn't, there should be sufficiently competent supervision to prevent a total collapse of the prestige so jealously built up and guarded for many years by a scholarly editorial generation.

Advertising is a field in which much latitude might be expected. No noble altruism inhibits the modern advertising man if he discovers that misspelling or any other form of illiteracy will attract the jaded eye of his shifting and fast-moving public. It is therefore no surprise to encounter such barbarisms as the following:

"*Lissen!* Buy your knitted suits at ———'s."

"Guaranteed to *wear good* for one year."

"College bound *gals* must see these gowns."

"Maybe when *you was* a kid you wished *you was* made out of ice cream."

"A *firm whom* we believe to be the best . . . "

"The color *lays* on the surface of the water."

Many parents encourage their offspring in the achievement of an up-to-the-minute vocabulary, substituting an exhibition of "wisecracking" for the juvenile elocution of an earlier day. A recent cartoon shows a father proudly introducing a charmingly dressed small boy to a friend of the family with the re-

quest, "Say, 'oh yeah, sez you,' for the lady." The pointed satire of the cartoonist often indicates discerning observation of current tendencies.

The ever-increasing space devoted to movie news includes frequently a column called "Movie Boners" wherein are recorded small mistakes and inconsistencies occurring in current films. Anachronisms of time, costume, and make-up are detected by sharp-eyed observers, but rarely does one find mentioned such stupidities as present-day slang spoken by characters supposed to have lived a century ago, or the last week's song success sung by a character in a Civil War play. In the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Robert Browning is made to say, "I shall be gone for quite some time," a barbarism quite sufficiently ill-suited to the fastidious Victorian poet. In a lavishly costumed color film an exquisite little princess, gazing through a magic lens, says earnestly, "I feel like I was in heaven," and a little later, playing her own accompaniment on a great golden harp, sings,

"It's don't do this and don't do that
All the blooming day."

The exasperated spectator is inclined to wonder why all the banal and unsuitable dialogue is necessary. The photo-play script might easily be made consonant with the fine skill and proficiency shown by the technical experts in sound and color.

While musing over grievances, we may as well note the extraordinary metamorphosis of English spelling, in which many present errors are due to slovenly pronunciation. *Accidently, incidently, interpetation,* and *tempermental,* are obviously of this type. Deliberate misspellings for advertising purposes of course contribute a long list. If the gentle reader wishes to pursue a bit of private research, let him experiment with the word *caramel,* which is probably mispronounced and misspelled by nine-tenths of the populace. Let him note as well the ugly contractions coined by headline writers such as *issued a defi, extort plot,* and the barbarous use of the proper noun for the adjective as in a *Holland law* and a *Belgium army.* A diligent conscientious objector can make a long list in a very short time—but his objections will have very little effect in the face of American *laissez-faire.*

Public education is in no enviable position. With increasing duties, decreasing funds, and rapidly changing requirements, educators have often made the mistake of trying to do too much. Periodically there arises a demand for a return to fundamentals, the immediate corollary to which is a heated discussion as to what are fundamentals. Well, if a working knowledge of the mother tongue isn't a fundamental, there isn't any. It is well to note, however, that the best schools in the world cannot counteract adverse home influence. If America has come of age, some evidences of maturity should begin to appear. If not, let *Homo sapiens* be written correctly in the jargon of the day—simply and justly *Homo Sap.*

HEADS OR TAILS?

By Jean Cameron

AS Ben Alston came quietly into the cool, fragrant darkness of the living room, there rose from the terrace below the murmur of voices. He recognized Ruth's full rich tones, then a younger, troubled voice. Disappointed, slightly resentful, he sank wearily into the nearest chair. He would not turn on a light, and perhaps the visitor would soon be gone.

Ben had left the office of his paper an hour earlier than usual. He was tired—dog weary—and he wanted his wife. Wanted to be alone with her in this cool, quiet room where they had known so much happiness.

With a faint shadow of doubt, generated by his soul deep weariness, he qualified. *He* at least had been blissfully happy. Sometimes he had wondered about Ruth. Had her life been as complete? Had she never missed anything? She had given up so much, and the giving had been so hard. Had she never regretted?

A strong, forceful man, even in his youth, Ben Alston might have been broken, but never bent. And in that long ago one had had to bend.

The murmuring voices became more distinct. Without realizing that he was listening he found himself following their discussion.

"But you love him, Beatrice?" Ruth's voice was half statement, half question.

"Yes—or I thought I did until he showed this side of his nature—this selfish Bob I never knew before. Now—well, yes I *do*, love him, of course. Only it all seems so wrong—so horribly unfair.

"I worked hard all through college. A great deal harder than Bob did! And I've worked harder ever since. The breaks have been for him, but I've had to scratch for every bit of headway I've made. And he knows it. He knows that I've never let anything interfere with my work.

"And now, just as I have my first big chance, he comes shouting the glad news of a three-year job at the Coulee Dam, and expects me to chuck the whole thing and go along. He can't—or won't—see my side of it. Always comes back with the argument that now I won't need to work. That he can take care of me. As though any girl with a bit of backbone wants to be taken care of! What I want is a chance to show that I can take care of myself, and do it as well as any man—at least for a few years. Why can't he wait and be married when he is through up there?"

"But three years is a long time, dear," Ruth reasoned. "Three of your best years gone. Growing apart instead of together."

"Oh, I know!" The girl's voice held an edge. "I've been over all that again and again. But why must he go? Why not stay here, where we could both work? He still has his work here. Not so interesting, perhaps, nor so well paid, but—why must it always be the woman who makes the sacrifice?"

The voices were still, as though the two women were trying to find,

somewhere out in the hot, fragrant night, an answer to the old, old question.

Then the girl spoke again.

"Oh, it's such a puzzle! Ruth, you are the happiest, sanest woman I know. You seem to find everything you need in your husband and home and those darling babies. But has it always been so? Wasn't there ever a time when you wanted something else—something bigger than just one man's needs—to fill your life?"

Listening there in the dark room, Ben Alston trembled. Would Ruth's answer give him the assurance he craved, or—

"I wonder, dear," Ruth's voice was very deep and tender, "if my story may not help you to decide. My problem was very like your own. You never knew, did you, that I once aspired to a big place in the business world? I had made my start, too. I was a chemist in a big plant, with sure promotion just around the corner.

"Ben and I had been married just two years when I had to decide between my work and a home with my husband. He was working on the *Times*—police reporter. Not a big salary—not as much as I was making—but the two combined brought us everything we wanted. We were, it seemed to me, quite ideally happy.

"Then came Ben's chance to come out here, as managing editor of the paper he now owns. Of course at the time we couldn't know just what an opportunity it really was. But we did know that it meant a far wider scope—and money enough to bring up the children we both wanted. There was no question in Ben's mind when he rushed home to tell me of our amazing good fortune. But I—well, I guess I felt as a condemned man must when the judge tells him it is for life. Leave my work, and all it meant to me—forget the goal I had set? Of course, I wanted children—some day. But first I wanted to make my mark in my chosen field."

"And how did you finally decide? Of course, I know that in the end you gave up your work. And I must admit that in your case the sacrifice was well made. But just how did you finally reach that decision?"

"'On such frail threads hang weighty matters,'" Ruth quoted, with a low, happy laugh. "For days and nights we talked and argued. Until we were both worn to shreds. And got just nowhere.

"There were three possible solutions. I could, of course, resign from my position and go with him. *That*, to Ben, seemed the only reasonable course.

"Or I could stay on, allowing him to go alone to the new place, and by taking our vacations at different times, we could be together twice a year. Or we might go on just as we were. In a year I'd be making more than the western job offered, and a name for myself as well. And surely there would be another chance, just as good, for Ben. But he was sure that such opportunities come only once in a lifetime—and time has proved that he was probably right.

"As I said, it had gone on and on. It seemed to me that my heart would break if I had to give up my work. But I *knew* it would if I had to give up my husband. At last, just before he must decide if he were to take the place, we agreed to stake it all on the flip of a coin."

"Flip of a coin!" The girl's voice was incredulous. "You mean to say that you flipped a coin to decide the

most momentous question of your life?"

"Just that!" Ruth replied. "As I said, we simply could not come to any decision. And time has proved that blind chance may have been wiser than we were. Never once—no, I'll be honest! There *were* times, just at first, when I regretted the full, busy life I had left behind. But never since the babies came. And never since I have seen my husband develop as he never could have done back there, have I for one moment regretted that I said, 'heads I go with Ben!'"

In the room behind them Ben Alston stood beside the open window, frankly eavesdropping. Through all the years since he and Ruth had come out into the west together, a tiny doubt had rankled—a doubt that had always brought with it a stab of conscience. Now that doubt was laid to rest—now he knew that Ruth's happiness was as complete as his own. Now he could forgive himself for the only time that he had ever deceived her, since that deception had brought to her only happiness. He turned and switched on a light above the old-fashioned desk, and opened a drawer. His fingers closed over a small object, which he held under the light. A coin—a quarter—lay on his palm.

The years rolled back. Gone the gracious, softly lighted room, fragrant with the breath of garden flowers. In its place the scarred walls, the smoke laden air of the old Sixth Street Station. Instead of the scent of phlox and sweet peas his nostrils remembered the oily smell of wet slickers and sodden boots as the men came in from their beats.

"Queer fluke, this. Wonder how they came to turn out such a thing?" It was Riley who spoke. Riley of the plainclothes squad, just back from a raid on a counterfeiter's cellar. "Keep it for a pocket piece, Alston. Maybe it will bring you luck."

Forgotten through the days that followed, when it seemed that all luck had deserted him, the coin had lain in his pocket. Weary, heartsick days they were, when each had nursed a determination to hold out to the end. Hot, cruel nights of argument and pleading. Partial reconciliations that were soon shattered by fresh attacks from one side or the other.

At last the night came when it must be settled, once and for all. Ruth had sobbed as they sat in the darkness, submerged in misery.

"I can't stand it, Ben! We don't get anywhere. Let's ask Fate to decide for us. Flip a coin. If it's heads I go with you. If it's tails I stay here!"

He had reached into his pocket, found the coin that Riley had given him, and held it under the circle of light that Ruth had snapped on.

"Heads!" He could still hear her voice announcing it.

"And so you've never regretted, dear! Thank God!" Ben spoke softly to himself and his voice was as of a prayer answered.

Then tenderly to the coin in his hand, "My little lucky piece!" He turned it over on his palm. Both sides were heads!

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

BROADWAY DURING 1935-36

THE season of 1935-36 closes pleasantly. Even the Pulitzer Prize was decided without acrimonious echoes, as by the time its award had been given to *Idiot's Delight*, the New York Drama Critics Circle had already crowned the chief competitor, *Winterset*. The producers have offered the public nothing which merited denunciations and the public has been most lavish with its money on such an impeccable choice as *Victoria Regina*. The successful plays have all had large casts which pleased the actors and one of the largest royalty checks is going each week to a charming old bachelor who has always been content with a poet's patrimony and who has never dipped pen into a commercial inkpot. Yes, it has been a very satisfactory season.

Has it been brilliant?

From the point of view of production, distinctly yes, but mostly the value of the production has equalled if not outranked the play. *Murder in the Cathedral*, *Victoria Regina* and *Winterset* were three in which the playwright's imagination flamed even higher than the beauty of their presentation. But *Pride and Prejudice* at its best was only the faithful mirror of a brilliant book—so was *Ethan Frome*—so was *Porgy and Bess*. The beautiful scenes and the beautiful Kitty had much to do with the brilliance of *Parnell*. The effectiveness of *Dead End* is tremendously enhanced by the Bel Geddes frame in which it appears where realism is combined with a sense of composition and magical lighting. Managerial resourcefulness has been strained to get every ounce of brilliance out of *First Lady* and *Boy Meets Girl*; it was woefully lacking in *Squaring the Circle* which retired to Philadelphia, but with his MS. in the hands of the best managements, the American playwright has a perfected machine awaiting the spark of his dynamic pencil.

Compared to last year's quota of 113 productions, there were 89 openings and of these one-fifth were successes. There were two plays which never saw the curtain rise but once, and two that died after two nights. Six had only four performances and thirty ran for a week. In the latter class, our sole regret is *Night in the House*, one of the most breathless of melodramas and played solely by three women. It would be an ideal experiment for collegiate use and for the Little Theaters were it not for the difficulty of its set which calls for the first and second floors of a small house in an English town where the three ladies have their lodgings. As a study of fear, the play has extraordinary power and in it Mildred Natwick gave a superb performance as the fluttery little spinster who dies of fright trying to protect her one treasure—a piece of jade—from her covetous neighbor. Nance O'Neill evidently overplayed this part on the first night and there was not sufficient capital behind the

play to permit it to recover. The other play which had an untoward start was Wilbur Daniel Steele's *How Beautiful With Shoes*. It opened on Thanksgiving night when a torrential storm made taxis a real necessity and the congestion in the Forties was so compact that most of the audience arrived an hour late. The curtain was held and the cast, who were young and nervous with waiting, were then told that they must transpose and eliminate certain scenes to give the critics a chance to write their reviews;—the result was not very kind to the play. But my observation has been that the public in New York is remarkably alert and sensitive to genius in any form.

One of the plays that ran for a single night compensated the reviewers for other painful occasions. Presented as starkly serious drama, it ran a busy gamut of sin and passion while the audience grew hysterical with delight. Finally Father, after transgressions with his future daughter-in-law, carried his troubles to his wife. "Something must be done," said he, breathing hard, "if this scandal should ever get out, I'll never be able to sell my next book to Macmillan—"

The sins of melodrama have now definitely surrendered to the cinema. Mysterious Chinese are a photographic prerogative. Only the topnotch of crime can have a peep at the theater. *Blind Alley* combined extremely good acting with the novel idea of a killer's being cowed into suicide by the psychiatrist whose cottage the gang have seized as a hideaway, but *Blind Alley* faded away before *Dead End* which touched the universal appeal of neglected boyhood. We are not sure if *Dead End* doesn't deserve a place among the tragedies. The other two melodramas followed the most recent popular recipe — the trial play. One had the novelty of a paid jury chosen by lot from the audience and the other was chiefly dependent on the meticulous perfection of its production.

There have been two important American comedies: *End of Summer* and *First Lady*. The latter exhibits the race to the White House as carried on by the wives of the candidates, but while *End of Summer* is not so showy it has deeper and more human roots. It is written round the struggle of the child in a divided home and the results of inheriting wealth without the concomitant tradition of responsibility. Two generations of "oil heiresses" are shown and one is taught to feel more sympathy than bitterness towards them in their isolated position which is made thoroughly unenviable. Mr. Behrman has touched the pathos of the very rich! The English comedy, *Call It a Day* casts such painful questions aside and invites one to spend the waking hours of a day with a pleasant family in London. Without the sharp scintillation of *End of Summer* it has a wider and more sentimental appeal. From China came a comedy written for Occidental consumption. *Lady Precious Stream* was farced by the author and much too farced here by the players. *Squaring the Circle* was a Soviet laugh at itself, a Box and Cox Moscow comedy of two young couples trying to keep house in the same room; it would go well in the summer theaters. *Boy Meets Girl* sets a pace for even the speediest American farces and gets its laughs without resorting to the questionable situation of *Co-respondent Unknown*, a worthless and immoral

comedy whose only redeeming feature was the charm of Peggy Conklin. *Russet Mantle*, written as a serious commentary on modern youth survived on its comedy lines and characters.

In a somewhat analogous and anomalous situation is *Idiot's Delight* which has a tragic story but keeps its public chuckling over Alfred Lunt's delightful clowning. Mr. Robert Sherwood has a highly flavored recipe for the discussion of timely topics combining philosophy with some sensational scandal and bringing together under unusual circumstances some highly disparate types of character. Last year the trysting place was a garage in the Arizona desert with a killer at large among the guests; this year it happens to be a small hotel in the Alps between France and Italy just as war breaks out between them. Mr. Lunt is the idealistic neutral who sacrifices himself for one of the victims. Like the *Petrified Forest*, *Idiot's Delight* ends with a love scene played to the accompaniment of a bombardment and a tragic finale. There was no question about tragedy either at the beginning or middle or end of *Ethan Frome* in which the fine trio, Ruth Gordon, Pauline Lord and Raymond Massey surpassed themselves. *Remember the Day* was a tribute to the country school teacher written with both tenderness and humor by a newcomer, Philo Higley. In *Porgy and Bess* Gershwin, to the mind of this reviewer, composed the best American opera, far ahead of anything ever produced at the Metropolitan.

The Theater Union and the Group Theater have both specialized in plays with a sociological or economic significance. None of them this winter, either native or imported, met any particularly responsive chord with the general public, but from England has come *Love on the Dole* whose restraint, dignity and high poetic note of tragedy has gained it a hospitable reception. It is entirely lacking in the bitterness which has seared all the other plays.

As for acting it is difficult to single out individuals, as entire casts deserve decoration. Among the younger actresses, who have climbed precipitately, are Jeanne Dante in *Call It a Day*, Wendy Hiller in *Love on the Dole* and Marie Brown in *How Beautiful With Shoes*. Burgess Meredith has also definitely established himself with *Winterset*.

The stage designs have been exceptionally beautiful. Jo Mielziner has to his great credit, *Jubilee*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *St. Joan*, *Winterset*, *Ethan Frome* and the ill-starred *Room in Red and White* which was so impressively fine that we wish that the Metropolitan could have stored it away to use over and over for some opera. Some one should write a new play for it. Bel Geddes is responsible for *Dead End* and Stewart Chaney for the charms of *Parnell*. Tom Cracraft did the simple and splendid background for *Murder in the Cathedral* and Nat Karson the astonishing *Macbeth*.

Revivals were inaugurated with the Lunts' gay *Taming of the Shrew* and closed with Mr. Hampden's farewell engagement of his much loved *Cyrano*. Between came an *Othello* and *Macbeth* that it is kinder to forget; Nazimova in *Ghosts*, and Miss Cornell's magnificent performance of *St. Joan*, which is now on tour. It took New York one night to recognize great literature in *Murder in the Cathedral*. Its run was brief as no extension of production

rights were obtainable, but seven hundred were turned away the last night. It is for the many who can only afford the more reasonable prices that Guthrie McClintic brought back *Winterset* at reduced rates. I have just returned from seeing it a second time as I write these lines and at the cost of closing a pleasant season with an argument I must confess that once again I disagree with the Pulitzer Prize Committee—*Winterset* should have had the award!

SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON

TRAGEDY. *American:* Winterset* (178 performances)—Porgy and Bess (154)—Parnell (132)—Remember the Day (120)—Ethan Frome (119)—Idiot's Delight* (81)—Murder in the Cathedral (38). *Foreign:* Love on the Dole* (112).

COMEDY. *American:* First Lady* (220)—Boy Meets Girl* (219)—End of Summer* (120)—Co-respondent Unknown (119)—Russet Mantle (116). *Foreign:* Pride and Prejudice (219) Victoria Regina* (181)—Call It a Day* (155)—Lady Precious Stream (104)—Squaring the Circle (104).

MELODRAMA. *American:* Dead End* (250)—Night of January 16th (232)—Blind Alley (118). *Foreign:* Libel (156).

* Those marked with an asterisk are still running.

NEW FACES. Two years ago Leonard Silliman conceived the idea of a revue which would not only give some young people a chance to meet the public but give the public a chance to meet something new. Except for Miss Imogen Coca, the faces are new and sometimes very pretty this Spring, but in two years time, Mr. Silliman's idea has grown too fast; it has lost the spontaneity of its babyhood and achieved a rather adolescent sophistication. A revue is really the most difficult and exacting form of dramatic journalism. The timing and position of each skit on the program is a delicate equation; if the material can be so handled that it is at once varied and yet slightly coherent it is a triumph of editorial art. Except in the "Adagio quartettes" with Miss Coca and the three young men, *New Faces* never seems to coalesce. In retrospect a great deal of it is played against dark backgrounds yet it is a brighter show than many a much more experienced company could execute and much of the music by Alexander Fogarty and others is memorably gay. "Lottie of the Literati" is amusing, so is "Women in the White House," but best of all is "A Marriage Has Been Arranged." We lost our heart to "Prince Wilhelm of Baden-Baden" who came to call in his crown. Such a nice dachshund! Miss Coca is, of course, the queen of the show.—*At the Vanderbilt.*[1]

CLASS OF '29.—This is the W. P. A. play which, while still in rehearsal, inspired the *Herald Tribune* to suggest that the W. P. A. had gone "red" until one of the evening papers pointed out that the author was secretary to Mr. Walter Lippmann. It does show the effects of no work upon a group of college graduates.

[1] We hear the revised version has corrected most of the weaknesses mentioned above; we will give it a new review in our next issue.

Only one of them has been able to find a job and that he created for himself by turning dog-washer. We had a premonition from the start that there was to be some tragedy and after several nerve-racking alarms, it came in Act III., brought about by the all too kindly efforts of one of the young men's family to arrange a make-believe job and agree to pay his salary. There is also a satirical scene with a Relief Investigator. She asks too many questions. But on the other side are the daily accusations that the W. P. A. is throwing away the taxpayer's dollars on chiselers. The most poignant feature of *Class of '29* is that it is being played by young men in the same position as their protagonists. We hope that they are all as sensible as the proprietor of the Canine Laundry.—*At the Manhattan.*

Two Films.—Lives of the saints on the screen are not very common. Italy has sent us *Don Bosco*, one of the most lovable. Unfortunately it leaves out his prowess as an acrobat although it shows graphically the magical growth of his work for homeless boys and his own zeal and gentle charity.

On a higher plane as photography is the remarkable French film *Cloistered* which takes one behind the enclosure of the Mother House of the Order of the Good Shepherd in a series of beautifully composed pictures.

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

Tobacco Road.—*At the Forrest.*

January, 1935

The Children's Hour.—Although the screen version has appeared as *These Three*—with the most objectionable angle of the story eliminated—it seems in no wise to impede the continuing success of this very tense and painful tragedy. —*At the Maxine Elliott.*

March

Three Men on a Horse.—This particular horse is having a jolly canter not only over this continent but across the Atlantic. We haven't heard yet of its reaching Asia!—*At the Playhouse.*

December

Dead End.—As the audience is supposedly sitting in the East River it will test the power of mental suggestion to keep them cool during the summer as they watch the happy urchins in shorts plunge with a splash into the orchestra pit. But that isn't all, unfortunately, that the boys attempt.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

Boy Meets Girl.—The story is proper enough although the baby faces a problem about its father which is solved with the utmost eligibility. The career of the baby as a Hollywood star offers ample opportunity for broad satire which is not neglected and the action never lags. The vocabulary is not so cir-

cumspect as the tale it tells.—*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—Not State papers but two women's ambition is the center of this diplomatic comedy of modern Washington played so perfectly by Miss Jane Cowl and Miss Lily Cahill.—*At the Music Box.*

February

VICTORIA REGINA.—Miss Helen Hayes having been awarded the Drama League Medal for the best acting of 1936 with unanimous cheers is taking a rest from royalty during July and August and will take up her scepter again after Labor Day while the box office will try to keep abreast of new mail orders and clean up all the old ones. Tickets may be procured by mail all summer.

March

CALL IT A DAY.—We are glad that this pleasant English family are staying in town as the day we spend in St. John's Wood with Mr. Philip Merivale and Miss Gladys Cooper and their children is amusing and interesting all the way through. You won't regret this excursion.—*At the Morosco.*

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—This combines a table with plenty of beer on tap with a rusty melodrama and some excellent acrobats and skaters between the acts. An inexpensive and cheerful diversion.—*At the American Music Hall.*

April

END OF SUMMER.—A witty and good-natured comedy of three generations of oil heiresses. Miss Ina Claire is the feather-headed matron who loves to toss about her millions among her friends or admirers, but life is more serious when it comes to her daughter's generation who begins to see her money through the eyes of the young college radicals out of work. There is also Osgood Perkins as the too successful psychiatrist.—*At the Guild.*

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—The tragedy of the Lancashire mill hands written by one of them. A most authentic and appealing document of their patient suffering and by far the best labor play produced.—*At the Longacre.*

May

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—The Pulitzer Prize winner by Mr. Robert Sherwood which, following the formula of *Petrified Forest*, collects on neutral ground a number of strangely different types. This time it is a hotel in the Alps between France and Italy just as war breaks out between them. There is the international munitions king; a French socialist; an English bride and groom; a German scientist; a nondescript Russian lady (Miss Fontanne), and a traveling American showman, Mr. Lunt, who gives the prime performance in comedy of his clever career. Closes on July 4th, reopens August 31st.—*At the Shubert.*

June

ON YOUR TOES.—A very sophisticated and often witty musical play about a young W. P. A. teacher of musical composition who comes of a long line of vaudeville performers and who always breaks into tap at crises. An ideal part, you may per-

ceive, for the talents of Mr. Ray Bolger who makes full use of his opportunity. There is a very funny caricature of the Ballet Russe—which some of the audience take seriously—and a good chorus on the three B's—Brahms, Beethoven and Bach. The only blot on the proceedings is the "Strip Teaze" scene at the finish. After making a crusade against burlesque on 42d Street there is no need to have a too realistic burlesque on burlesque on the legitimate stage.—*At the Imperial.*

MACBETH.—The extraordinary Federal Theater Project production with an all-Negro cast and the locale changed from Scotland to Haiti in the days of the Emperor Henri Christophe. The witch scenes become voodoo with startling effects. It is something to see and remember.—*At the Lafayette.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

THE UNTOUCHABLES AND HINDUISM

IT is doubtful if, at any other time in the history of the world, a whole community has volunteered to renounce its own religion in favor of another! So, such a move on the part of the seventy millions of the depressed classes of India deserves serious attention. Ever since the Hindus established themselves as a great power in India these depressed classes, most of whom had been the original inhabitants of the country, have been slowly driven to a position far worse than slavery. For, while in many places they have not suffered the actual physical bonds of slavery, they have been treated everywhere in India with the most cruel form of loathing yet known in the world—*untouchability!*

And as untouchables they have remained for centuries. No Hindu Government was sufficiently interested, or, if interested, had the power, to improve their lot; for the power of the Hindu king has always been limited by his duty to respect the traditions of the Hindu religion as expounded by the priestly class of Brahmans. Even under the rule of the British Government, by their own admission the best Government the untouchables have ever had, their lot has not been appreciably improved.

It is only lately, when the political agitation clearly showed the strength and weakness of each of the major Indian communities, that attention has been directed to the position of the depressed classes. For the political agitation and the scramble for power revealed that the Hindus have more than ever to contend with the rising might of the Mohammedans in India, and in measuring their strength it was found that their position was greatly crippled by the deplorable position of the depressed classes in the Hindu community. And hence, too, the attempt of Mr. Gandhi to devote his life to the improvement of the untouchables, although it would not be fair to him to deny that the religious aspect of the question appealed to him equally strongly. "If

untouchability lives, Hinduism perishes," was the slogan he used in his famous harijan tour.

But Mr. Gandhi has failed! Of course it must be admitted that he did succeed in compelling the whole of India to take a sympathetic interest in this serious social and political problem. But, although he succeeded in getting orthodox Hindus to acknowledge their political weakness if untouchability were allowed to continue, he failed to make them sacrifice their religious and social orthodoxy for the sake of securing more of social and political solidarity. Indeed, so strong proved their opposition to admitting the untouchables into the Hindu temples, where even dogs can freely enter, that they who used to call him a "Mahatma" (Great Soul) now cry him down as the enemy of the Hindu religion and even of India!

But the whole situation has taken a dramatic turn by the recent decision of the untouchables to renounce Hinduism! And in so doing Dr. Ambedkar, their brilliant leader, has created, as it were overnight, the greatest interest ever shown in India to the untouchability problem. He has not made clear, however, some of the issues involved. For instance, one would like to know whether his advice to his people to change their religion is based on the ground that, though the untouchables are really Hindus, their treatment by their superior caste brethren is so atrocious that they have no hopes of having religious and social equality conceded to them and therefore it is better to leave so unnatural a family, or on the other ground that, whatever the measure of equality the caste Hindus are willing to grant them, the untouchables as a community would be able to shape and develop a better future by departing from the Hindu fold. For both grounds and the policies based on them have found favor with some or other of the many sections of the depressed classes of India.

The untouchables of South India now seem to be entirely indifferent to the attitude of the caste Hindus, as they are determined to work out their salvation as an independent community outside the pale of Hinduism. There are a number of social, economic and political considerations that have induced them to adopt this policy. They point out that a pernicious form of caste system is not the only blot on Hinduism as practiced to-day. It has a thousand other unhealthy customs and progress-retarding practices, against the weight of which all the untouchables have to struggle if they wish to develop as a part of the Hindu community. This was exactly the argument of the Malabar Ezhavas, the most important of the South Indian depressed classes, against the temple-entry program of Mr. Gandhi. For that program, they argued, far from helping the untouchables, was more likely to do them permanent harm, for by trying to keep them within the Hindu fold, the "Mahatma" would in effect only prevent their growth into a powerful and independent people, free from all the religious and social weaknesses peculiar to Hinduism. As to the spiritual consequences of renouncing the religion of their birth, they are not worried at all. They point out that Hinduism never declared that spiritual salvation is its monopoly. If therefore all the blessings of civilized life can be more speedily obtained outside the pale of Hinduism without

losing one's soul, why not then abandon it? Looking at the problem from that standpoint, many sections of the untouchables, especially those of Malabar, feel that the sooner they leave Hinduism the better for them.

But there are many other sections who would willingly remain within the Hindu fold, and it is only despair of getting justice from caste Hindus that has driven them to think of leaving it. These sections are therefore now considering the problem in the light of the sudden interest which the caste Hindus have begun to show in the welfare of the untouchables. It is obvious that caste Hindus look upon the advice of Dr. Ambedkar to renounce the Hindu religion as a great calamity, and frantic attempts are made to stop the depressed classes from carrying out that advice. Religious heads who would find no justification in the Hindu scriptures to admit the untouchables into the temples have now come out ready to concede them the right. Even the presidency of the Hindu Maha Sabha, that all-India organization of orthodox Hindus, is now offered to an untouchable! And such admittedly great leaders of orthodox Hinduism as Mr. Gandhi and Pundit Malaviya have even thought of leading a deputation to the untouchable leader! Now, orthodox Hindus would never have even considered these sacrifices unless they were faced by a great calamity, and that calamity is the undoubted political loss which Hinduism would have to sustain if seventy millions of the community were to leave it. So argue the untouchables.

But, they ask, even granting that caste Hindus are sincerely interested in the welfare of the untouchables and are willing to make sacrifices solely for the sake of helping them to gain social and religious equality, what does the practical value of this frantic offer of help amount to for the untouchables? Coming to the bottom of the situation we find that, except for a good deal of general sympathy and the opening of a few obscure temples, nothing practical has been done to grant equality to the untouchables. The fact remains that the orthodox element in Hinduism to-day is far more powerful and influential than the liberal element in it, and it is stoutly opposed to granting any sort of equality to the depressed classes. A few liberal-minded leaders do not make all the difference in a question like this, for if there are a few leaders with liberal ideas, there are a greater number with very strong orthodox views ready to use all their strength to keep the untouchables as untouchables for ever. The fact remains that the two bills brought in the Indian legislatures to improve the lot of the untouchables, namely, the Temple Entry Bill and the Removal of Social Disabilities Bill had very few supporters from among caste Hindus. Therefore, hold the untouchables, the attitude of caste Hindus to them is virtually unchanged from that voiced by the great champion of orthodoxy, Raja Bahadur Krishnamachariar, who, opposing the Temply Entry Bill in the Council, uttered those unforgivable words: "God alone can help the untouchables," plainly meaning thereby that it was not necessary for orthodox Hindus to bother about their lot.

Everyone who has studied the history of social reform in India

knows that the immense disabilities of the depressed classes cannot be removed, especially as long as they remain within the fold of Hinduism, without drastic legislation and without the Government's ruthlessly enforcing the laws when passed. That Mr. Gandhi was shrewd enough to understand this so clearly was the reason why even he, in spite of his great influence, sought the help of the legislature to get the Temple Entry Bill passed into law. In another case, it is perfectly certain that had not the British Government abolished suttee, that inhuman custom of forcing the immolation of wives on their husbands' funeral pyre would to-day be as cruel and strong an evil among the Hindus as it ever was. What generations of well-meaning souls and brilliant orators working for centuries were not able to abolish, the British Government removed in a single day! There is the same Government in India to-day and it is as powerful as ever. But it has come to adopt a policy of greater caution in dealing with long-standing social customs, and this attitude as far as the untouchables are concerned amounts to a futile neutrality. Of all the peoples in India, it is to these downtrodden millions that the British Government owes its greatest moral and legal duty, and if the Government wishes to maintain its strength, it should support them even at the risk of the displeasure of the orthodox elements in the country. The untouchables to-day are making great efforts to build a new life for themselves. Whether they do it by remaining within the Hindu fold or departing from it, it is now the clear duty of the Government as well as of every one interested in their welfare to help them to realize the brave new future they desire!

J. NERATH.

Nova et Vetera

The Future of Bolshevism

The future of Bolshevism depends upon the answer to the question whether Europe still possesses sufficient MORAL forces to resist it. Noble ideals which in the past were living social forces but to-day are still professed only from indolence and force of habit, are impotent against the unfettered passions of the mob under a systematic and unscrupulous guidance. . . . The Bolshevising process can be stemmed only if its significance is not minimised and it is not regarded as an episode which however deplorable will beyond doubt be soon a thing of the past, but is taken seriously as a judgment upon the contemporary world. For it brings to light the secret belief of our contemporaries that the political and social order is the power which decides and determines everything. Hitherto that belief had been accompanied by an explicit acceptance of the obligations of natural law, a recognition of the rights of the individual and a regard for the corresponding traditions. But when this combination no longer seemed possible the Bolshevik movement began. The freedom of the individual has shaken the social fabric and as a result has threatened his own existence. Bolshevism substitutes for the previous combination of faith in the all importance of the social order with INDIVIDUALISM the combination of the same faith with the absolute sovereignty of the COMMUNITY, the latter being identified according to the particular historical situation with a class, race or nation. If the belief in the omnipotence of the social order is revealed in Bolshevism so glaringly that no one can fail to see it, it is simply because it leaves no room for that free and private inner life of the individual possible hitherto. It must take possession even of the citizen's inner life and harness its forces to the service of the social centre of man's existence. Hitherto the irreligion of public life admitted a private religion which could even be recognised and valued as socially useful. The irreligion of Bolshevism on the other hand accords a divine and religious value to society alone, either by openly rejecting the existing religion as in the Marxism of Soviet Russia or by treating it as mythology or traditional symbolism which must find expression only in the service of society. . . .

The political and social order is in all "good faith" made an absolute value, raised to the position of a divine power, the sole expression and organ of the official myth. This elevation is accompanied by development of civilisation and technique which leaves the individual or society which refuses allegiance no possibility of escape. The intense propaganda conducted by the Bolshevik state puts to sleep the conscience of the masses, indeed of the individual citizen. It kills all moral scruples by educating its subjects by means of idealistic phraseology which they accept at its face value in an instinctive service of "higher powers." The relapse which the Bolshevising process in-

volves into a barbarism of mass instincts uncontrolled by reason is combined with an advance in technical civilisation and even in National Socialism with a professed restoration of the true healthy and natural community. Its essential nature is therefore disguised. THE REALITY IS CONCEALED BENEATH A FOG OF MASS PROPAGANDA. And it soon becomes impossible to tell where the fog begins and ends. For it fills the only atmosphere men breathe. Hate seems love, truth lies. Peace is war and injustice justice. Envy and resentment take on the appearance of virtues beneficial to the national community and therefore evidence of a will to promote the common good. The weakness that dare not oppose the popular slogans is honoured as loyal obedience. Atrocities, if only they are committed against a third party are deplorable accidents which do not affect the general line and the movement as a whole. Religion, humanity, justice, in short all the virtues are socialised and rendered political, though in the service—not as alleged, of the community but of a particular form of government and its completely selfish aims.

In face of these moral effects of Bolshevism which exist, even when there is no immediate explosion, no open war or bloody struggle of all against all, in face of this dehumanisation of mankind in the name of a Utopian justice, this mechanisation of man's entire existence in the name of the genuine people, will an opposition arise inspired not by an interested desire to preserve the existing order for the advantages it brings but by a sincere moral conviction? Pacts and encirclements are no substitute for such a moral force which alone can decide whether Bolshevism, whether in its Marxian or National Socialist variety, will set its seal upon our epoch or is merely a symptom of weakness and disintegration which is nothing more than a transitional phenomenon. Does there still live in the contemporary world a faith sufficiently strong—not merely in individuals, for hidden saints are to be found at all times and in all places—to prove a genuine social force capable of resisting the instincts of the masses, unfettered and skilfully guided, and their instinctive credulity?

—From *The Future of Bolshevism*. By WALDEMAR GURIAN (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

AN INVOCATION[1]

O ETERNAL Father of Light, without Whose help we can but grope in darkness, conscious of the imperfection of our understanding, we pray to Thee for light and guidance during these momentous days for the welfare of our nation.

Thy guiding hand was with our fathers when they struggled bravely against tyranny intrenched by overwhelming might, for the liberties which we today enjoy.

Thy wisdom helped them frame a Constitution possessing all those elements of justice, law, authority and order necessary to good government, which ennobled and illumined with the declaration of the inalienable rights to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, has earned for our country the glorious title of land of liberty.

Thy goodness and Thy mercy

1 The following prayer was the invocation offered by the Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, at the Republican National Convention, June 11, 1936. It applies equally to all political parties; it indicates the proper spirit in which we should all approach our great national problems.

have presented us with rich stores of nature's gifts and have increased and multiplied our population, bringing to our shores sturdy children of all nations willing to spend themselves and be spent to acquire the blessings and accept the responsibility of American citizenship.

O merciful Father, we have come to a crisis in our national life. There are dark clouds hovering over us and there are mighty currents and angry waves that threaten to wrench us from the safe and solid moorings established by the fathers of our republic.

This great convention of the Republican party is gathered for the momentous task of proclaiming a national platform of principles and policy that give promise of the enduring security of our civil and religious liberty, bought by the blood of millions and preserved by the sweat and the labors and sacrifices of generations; and of selecting a chieftain whose record of faithful service and a personality untarnished and untainted by the pollution of political corruption will fill the heart of America with the new hope of a second spring.

O God of wisdom and Father of mercy, Who has blessed us until now, be with us still in this hour of need and guide the mind and the heart of this convention for the welfare and the glory of our country.

In the words of the poet, I pray:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong mind, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the lust of office cannot buy;
Men who possess convictions and a will;
Men who have honor and will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without flinching;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
Amen.

The Fact of Hell

If there is any subject which is offensive to modern sentimentalists it is the subject of hell. Our generation clamors for what the poet has called "a soft dean, who never mentions hell to ears polite," and our unsouled age wants a Christianity watered so as to make the Gospel of Christ nothing more than a gentle doctrine of good will, a social program of economic betterment, and a mild scheme of progressive idealism.

There are many reasons why the modern world has ceased to believe in hell, among which we may mention, first, a psychological reason. If a man has led a very wicked life, he does not want to be disturbed in his wrongdoings by harsh words about justice. His wish that there be no final punishment for his crimes thus becomes father to the thought that there is no such thing as hell. That is why the wicked man denies hell, whereas the saint never denies it but only fears it.

Another reason for the denial of hell is that some minds confuse the crude imagery of poets and painters with the reality of the moral order behind the doctrine. Eternal realities are not always easy to por-

tray in the symbols of time and space, but that is no reason why they should be denied by anyone, any more than the reality of America should be denied because it is sometimes symbolized by a woman bearing a flag of red, white, and blue.

A final reason is found in the reason that the doctrine of hell has been isolated from the organic whole of Christian truths. Once it is separated from the doctrines of sin, freedom, virtue, redemption, and justice, it becomes as absurd as an eye separated from the body. The justice of this reasoning is borne out in the fact that men become scandalized about hell when they cease to be scandalized about sin. The Church has never altered one single iota the belief in an eternal hell as taught by her Founder, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. In adherence to His divine testimony, the Church teaches, first that hell is a demand of Justice, and secondly, that hell is a demand of Love. . . .

The failure to look upon hell as involving love makes men ask the question, "how can a God of love create a place of everlasting punishment?" This is like asking why a God of Love should be a God of Justice. It forgets that the sun which warms so gently may also wither, and the rain which nourishes so tenderly may also rot. Those who cannot reconcile the God of Love with hell do not know the meaning of love. There is nothing sweeter than love; there is nothing more bitter than love; there is nothing which so much unites souls and so much separates them as love. Love demands reciprocity; love seeks a lover; and when love finds reciprocity, there is a fusion and a compenetration and a union to a sublime and ecstatic degree. And when it is a question of the love of God and the love of the soul, that is the happiness of heaven. But suppose that love does not find reciprocity; or suppose that love does find it only to be betrayed, spurned, and rejected. Can love still forgive? Love can forgive injuries and betrayals and insults, and Divine Love can forgive even to seventy times seven. But there is only one thing in the world which human love cannot forgive, and there is only one thing in eternity which Divine Love cannot forgive and that is the refusal to love. When, therefore, the soul by a final free act refuses to return human love for Divine Love, then Divine Love abandons it to its own selfishness, to its own solitariness, to its own loneliness. And what punishment in the world is comparable to being abandoned, not by the lovely but by the Love which is God?

Love forgives everything except one thing, and that is the refusal to love. A human heart pursues another and sues for its affection with all the purity and high ardor of its being. It showers the loved one with gifts, tokens of sacrifice, and all the while remains most worthy of a responding affection. But if, after a long and weary pursuit, it has not only been spurned and rejected and betrayed, that human heart turns away and bursting with a pent-up emotion in obedience to the law of love, cries out: "Love has done all that it can. I can forgive anything except the refusal to love."

Something of this kind takes place in the spiritual order. God is the Great Lover on the quest of His spouse, which is the human soul. He showers it with gifts, admits it

into His royal family in the sacrament of baptism, into His royal army in the sacrament of confirmation, and invites it to His royal table in the sacrament of the Everlasting Bread, and countless times during human life whispers to it in health and sickness, in sorrow and joy, to respond to His plaintive pleadings, abandon a life of sin, and return love for love. If, however, the human heart, after rejecting this love many times only to be reloved again, after ignoring the knock of Christ at the door of his soul only to hear the knock again, finally, at the moment of death completely spurns and rejects that divine Goodness, then the God of Love, in obedience to the law of love, cries out: "Love has done all it can. I can forgive everything, except the refusal to love." And it is a terrible thing to be through with Love, for once Divine Love departs at death, it never returns:—that is why hell is eternal!—that is why hell is a place where there is no Love!

—From *The Moral Universe*. By FULTON J. SHEEN, D.D. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.).

Foreign Periodicals

Back to Theology

We have all met with Christians who think they honour God in affecting towards science or philosophy or art an indifference that borders on contempt. Such contempt may sometimes be an expression of real greatness, but it may also be the expression of pettiness. It pleases me to be told that the whole of philosophy is not worth an hour's labour if he who tells me is a Pascal, one of the world's greatest thinkers. One has the right to look down on what one knows and has transcended. Pascal did not despise science or philosophy; but he resented the time they had occupied him and distracted him from the contemplation of the deeper mysteries of divine love. But we are not all Pascals; we cannot look down on that which is above us, and science is one of the noblest praises of God; it is the understanding of what God has made.

Nevertheless, Jesus Christ did not come to save men by science or philosophy. He came to save *all* men; *even* scientists and philosophers. Science and philosophy are not necessary to salvation; they themselves need salvation. On the other hand, we must beware of an indiscreet zeal which, under pretext of saving them, destroys them. It is to be feared that, with the best intentions in the world, some "apologists" are apt to do this. To use science for apologetic purposes is an admirable programme, provided we know not only our science but our apologetic.

For to be a good apologist one must first be a theologian—a very good theologian. That is a rare thing. There are too many so-called theologians who know smatterings of other people's theology or who are content to repeat theological formulas without having ever thought out their real meaning. But if we are going to "use" science for apologetics, we must also be very good scientists, not cultivated dilletanti with smatterings of scientific information. If we would study science for God, we must study it for its own sake—or as if we were studying it for its own sake; that is the only way to acquire it. The same rule applies to philosophy. It is an illusion to suppose we can serve God by learning off a number of philosophical formulas without knowing why they are true. Similarly, it is useless to denounce errors if we do not understand why they are false. All this applies also to art. We are told that it was the Faith that raised up the great mediæval cathedrals; but the Faith would have been powerless without architecture. Though the façade of Notre-Dame may be an expression of the soul's yearning for God, it is also certainly a construction of geometry.

We Catholics, we who affirm the inherent goodness of nature, must take as the guiding principle of our action the axiom that *piety can never dispense with technique.* Without technical ability the most intense piety is incapable of using nature for the glory of God. . . .

It seems to me that one of the

greatest evils from which Catholicism suffers to-day is that Catholics are not sufficiently proud of their Faith. I fear that, instead of acknowledging in all simplicity what we owe to our Church and our Faith, we incline to consider it sound policy, in the Church's own interests, to act as if we differed in nothing from others. Some of us, I fear, like to hear it said of us: "He is a Catholic, but one would never know it." We do not, indeed, want Catholics who flaunt their religion as a feather in their cap. But we *do* want Catholics who will so permeate their daily life and work with their Catholicism that the unbeliever will learn to admire the hidden power that inspires them, and will say: "He is a fine man, and I know why: he is a Catholic."

We need faith in our own work and in the redemptive and transforming power of Christ within us. We must emphasize that in season and out of season. But that is not what we always do. To take an example: If there is one truth that the Fathers, theologians and Popes have stressed more than another it is that philosophy should be the servant of theology. Nowadays we seem ever anxious to explain that truth away or disregard it entirely. It is thought smart to say that a Christian thinker is a good philosopher precisely because he keeps his philosophy independent of his Christianity. What we need is a philosopher who, like St. Thomas and Scotus, will take the lead in the philosophical thought of our time precisely because he is a Catholic and thinks as one.

It is to our Catholicism that we owe our reverence for nature, for mind and for the technique which enables us to use and know nature. This debt we must repay by learning to lead back the human mind to its Creator, the *Deus scientiarum Dominus*. I have presumed to recommend the practice of science and art to all those whose vocation it is to serve God in these spheres. I would now recommend to those who have mastered these things the study of theology also if they would lead them back to God. . . .

Theology must be revived; it must penetrate into and permeate the mind of the scientist, the reason of the philosopher and the inspiration of the artist. So will mind be used in the service of Christ the King; so will His Kingdom come; so shall we assist the rebirth of nature, co-operating with the fecundity of grace. To co-operate with Him we must first hear His voice, repeat His word as the Church repeats it, and then proclaim it publicly and fearlessly. Whether men believe it or not does not depend on us: at least we can make them respect it. Those who are not ashamed of the Gospel may fail to make men accept it; but those who *are* ashamed of it will fail to command respect even for themselves.

—Etienne Gilson, in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), June, 1936, as abridged and adapted by Victor White, O.P.

Technique of Revolution

Litvinoff denied before the Council of the League of Nations that the Soviet Government had any connection whatsoever with the secret communist propaganda and the revolutionary occurrences in various South American States.

De Maasbode, the Dutch Catholic newspaper, has obtained the communist secret circular of November

last concerning the communist plan of action for the preparation of a revolution in Brazil. It proves that Litvinoff's statements were lies. Litvinoff is himself a member of the central committee of the Polit-buro which directs the actions of the International through its representative Pjatnitzki, and fully aware of any action the Third International might contemplate or carry out in any part of the world. It need hardly be added that the technique of revolution outlined in this circular is applicable elsewhere. It is certainly being applied in Spain today—and perhaps in France.

Confidential—Communist plan of action:

The political-social revolution which will bring communism into power will pass through the following essential stages:

A. Preparatory period with a sham doctrine, either to facilitate revolutionary action or to enable us to carry on with the work under the present Government.

During the last International South-American Congress the following lines of action were laid down at the suggestion of our delegate:

1. The doctrine shall be cleared of every form of internationalism —even the most innocent one—and nationalism shall be made the backbone of the movement. . . .

2. Non-payment of foreign bills, better distribution of wealth, nationalisation of the means of conveyance, etc.

3. The guarantee that the family, religion and religious freedom will be protected.

4. War against Imperialism and Fascism.

5. Protection of Jewry.

6. The first period shall be very short and powerful. Special instructors shall be added to all communist divisions and cells. On no account, however, may the word communism be used in connection with the action. At the utmost the ideas of nationalism and socialism may be inter-connected. . . .

10. Funds for the actions will be provided by:

The International direct to the committee for Uruguay; the International in the second instance to the Brazilian Committee.

B. The period of immediate preparation: 1. Political agitation; 2. Class war; 3. Possible further agitation from which benefit may be reaped.

This political agitation shall be carried out intensively. . . .

For the purpose of kindling class war, the essential part of the scheme, measures of an international nature shall be taken both at London and New York, so as to cause at the correct time changes in the rates of exchange. An action amongst students and in military circles shall be carried out simultaneously with the agitation amongst the labourers and in banking circles.

Every opportunity to agitate shall be seized. If no opportunities present themselves they shall be created.

Questions related to race, religion, sports, science, education, shall all serve the purpose of agitating. All agitation is useful to our ideal. . . .

The communist agitator, Harry Berger, who was sent by the International to Brazil and who was consequently arrested at Montevideo—the police succeeded in seizing his secret correspondence—operated entirely along the lines of this diabolical scheme.

—*The Catholic Herald* (London), May 15th.

Recent Events

Eucharistic Congress in British Columbia

This summer the city of Vancouver, B. C., is celebrating the Golden Jubilee of its foundation. It was deemed appropriate by the Most Rev. Archbishop William M. Duke to hold a Eucharistic Congress to thank God for the blessings of the last fifty years. It took place last month, June 11th-14th. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the Most Rev. Andrew Cassulo, D.D., attended, as did His Eminence, J. M. Rodrigue Villeneuve, O.M.I., Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, who made his first visit to the far Western Province. Members of his distinguished Order, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, were the first missionaries in British Columbia. The first explorers and the first residents in the Province were Catholics.

The Oblates came up from Oregon and organized missions in 1859-1860, and an Oblate was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic in 1863. New Westminster, near Vancouver, was created a Diocese by Pope Leo XIII., and a Bishop appointed in 1890. The See was changed to the Archdiocese of Vancouver in 1908, but the first Archbishop resigned after a few months to become Superior General of the Oblates in Rome. The late Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto had been Archbishop of Vancouver, 1910-1912. The first Mass was said in what is now the city of Vancouver in 1885 and that event was commemorated during the Eucharistic Congress.

Stanley Park, embracing 1,000 acres, was the scene of the largest gatherings during the Congress. Bishops attended from Western Canada, the northwestern parts of the United States, and from Alaska and the Yukon. British Columbia has a Catholic population of over 70,000, ministered to by about 100 priests almost evenly divided between diocesan clergy and members of various Religious Orders.

Alexis Lepicier, Cardinal Priest of Santa Susanna

The Paulist Church in Rome for Americans, Santa Susanna, was the titular church of His Eminence, Alexis Henri Marie Lepicier, who died on May 20th, in Vatican City. He had been called "England's French Cardinal," because, though born in France, he studied in England and joined the Servites there; he was ordained in London in 1885. He was later master of novices for the English province and served at one of the churches of his Order there. During the pontificate of Pope Pius X. he was elected Prior General of the Servites.

Cardinal Lepicier received the red hat in 1927 from Pope Pius XI., who four times named him his Legate to functions in various parts of the world. His Eminence was an accomplished linguist; he was the author of about forty books on theological, philosophical, ascetical and literary subjects, written in Latin, French, English and German, and he also spoke Italian and Spanish.

He held the important position of prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Affairs of Religious, and was a member of several other Congregations and Commissions. The Cardinal visited this country in 1934 as Legate to the Marian Congress in Portland, Oregon. Twenty Cardinals gathered for his Funeral Mass in the Church of S. Andrea della Valle in Rome.

May his soul rest in peace!

Professor Parker T. Moon of Columbia University

The untimely death of Dr. Parker Thomas Moon, Professor of International Relations at Columbia University in New York is a distinct loss to Catholic scholarship and political studies. He died suddenly on June 11th, at his home in New York. Dr. Moon was born in New York and studied at Columbia University, where he received his B.S. degree in 1913. The following year he took instructions at the Paulist Church and became a Catholic.

Passing through the usual grades of instructor and assistant professor, he finally became professor of International Relations in 1931. Meanwhile, Dr. Moon had distinguished himself in this field by serving on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in 1918-1919. He was also secretary to the Committee on Territorial Problems at the Peace Conference in 1919. Since 1928 he had been editor of the *Political Science Quarterly*.

Professor Moon was always active in Catholic affairs. He was president of the American Catholic Historical Association and of the Catholic Association for International Peace, and a member of the Centre Club of the International Federated Catholic Alumni. He was the author of *A Syllabus of Imperialism and World Politics*, *The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France*, *A Syllabus on International Relations*, and *Imperialism and World Politics*. He was co-author of *Modern History*, *Ancient and Medieval History*, *Ancient History*, *The United States and the Caribbean*, and *World History*. He was a frequent contributor to many magazines, including The Catholic World, in which his article on "The Outlook for War" appeared last month.

May his soul rest in peace!

Former Editor of "The Dublin Review" Dies

Last month in these notes the Centenary of *The Dublin Review* was mentioned. Now must be recorded the death on the last day of May of Algar Labouchère Thorold, editor of this distinguished *Review* from 1926 to 1934. Mr. Thorold was born seventy years ago, the son of the late Right Rev. Anthony Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. At the age of eighteen he became a Catholic. He had received his editorial experience during the five years that he was on the staff of *Truth*, a periodical founded by his uncle, Henry Labouchère, member of Parliament for many years, whose biography he wrote. He was also the author of *The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena*, *Catholic Mysticism*, and *Six Masters in Disillusion*. In 1917 Mr. Thorold entered the Foreign Office and in the following year was sent to Italy. He later served as a press attaché at the Brit-

ish Embassy in Paris. During his term as editor of *The Dublin Review* it was his policy to bring to its pages many new writers, some of whom later became famous in English letters.

May his soul rest in peace!

Catholic Street Preaching in New York

The Catholic Evidence Guild of New York was founded eight years ago under the direction of the Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. After a long and thorough drilling the members undertook radio talks on Catholic doctrine and practice, on three or four stations in Greater New York, including the Paulist Radio Station, WLWL. At the beginning of last month they began a series of weekly outdoor meetings in Columbus Circle,—long the gathering-place of many diverse groups, like Hyde Park in London,—which are to continue till the end of August. The meetings are designed to last about two hours with two speakers, each of whom answers questions from the audience on the subject of his own discourse.

A quotation from the opening discourse of the first meeting shows the spirit in which the work of the Guild will be carried on. Mr. J. V. Hayes said: "My friends, we are not here to attack anything or anyone. We are not here to defend anything or anyone. We come to you as fellow Americans who belong to a Church that is frequently misrepresented and whose doctrines are frequently misconstrued. It is not our intention to prove these doctrines, and it is likewise not our purpose to convert you. We merely want you to realize that we are reasonable men and that our beliefs are reasonable. That is all." The interest in the meetings thus far held is an augury of success for this truly apostolic work of a group of intelligent and earnest men to make known the truth about their Church. This success has already been achieved by many other such groups, both abroad and in other cities of this country.

Mr. O'Brien Atkinson is president of the Guild which meets every week in rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Dr. J. A. Nieuwland, Priest-Scientist

Sudden death overtook the Rev. Dr. Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., while he was on a visit to the Catholic University on the same day that Dr. Moon died in New York, June 11th. Dr. Nieuwland received universal recognition just a little over a year ago for his discovery of a formula for making synthetic rubber. He had been teaching at the University of Notre Dame for thirty years. Coming to this country as a boy from Belgium where he was born fifty-eight years ago, he lived in South Bend, Indiana, and received his education from the Holy Cross Fathers, whose Congregation he joined. Father Nieuwland was ordained in 1903 and received his doctorate a year later from the Catholic University.

Botany and organic chemistry were the chosen fields of scientific work in the life of Dr. Nieuwland. He built the Botany Library at Notre Dame, and in 1909 he founded *The American Midland Naturalist*. Since 1918, however, his principal activities were in the chem-

istry laboratory. In 1925 a paper of his on the possibility of making artificial rubber so interested the officials of the Du Pont de Nemours Co., that they agreed to finance his experiments which were finally successful ten years later. One of his brother-priests is quoted as having said of him, that he had not been absorbed by science, but that he had universal interests; that he was humble, ready to learn something from anyone; that he possessed the real spirit of the scientist.

May his soul rest in peace!

Silver Jubilee of Catholic Press Association

The annual meeting of the Catholic Press Association was held in May in Cleveland, Ohio, and celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its establishment. The Holy Father sent his congratulations in a letter from the Papal Secretary of State to Bishop James J. Hartley of Columbus, honorary president of the Association. A report was submitted on the participation of the United States in the World Catholic Press Exposition now being held in Rome; it was announced that the exhibit from this country is ranked among the best three in the Exposition.

Resolutions were adopted by the Association (1) condemning the Ministry of Justice of the Nazi Dictatorship for "the unjust and arbitrary methods employed in the pseudo-trial of innocent and unfortunate Catholic priests and religious brothers," and likewise condemning the practice of certain news agencies in this country carrying the propaganda prepared and supplied by the Nazi Government, and failing to give the accurate news that is easily obtainable on the true state of religious and racial persecution in Germany; (2) reëmphasizing the protest already made against the Mexican Government's persecution of religion; (3) pledging continued coöperation with the Legion of Decency; and (4) approving the valiant struggle of the Paulist Radio Station WLWL in New York, "to continue its broadcasting operations and its wonderful record in serving the public"; it noted that this Station "while serving 3,500,000 Catholics, and representing an investment of more than a million dollars, has had its broadcasting facilities cut from full time to fifteen and a half hours a week."

Officers elected at the closing session included Mr. Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, managing editor of *The Catholic Review* of Baltimore, president; the Rev. Jerome W. DePincier, O.S.M., of Chicago, vice-president. Members of the literature bureau are the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Mr. Patrick Scanlan, and Mr. Richard Reid.

Defamation and Persecution of Religious Orders in Germany

For several weeks news has been published in this country about the "conviction" of members of Religious Orders, especially Franciscans, in Germany, on charges of immorality. Many of them have already been sentenced to as much as eight years in prison. Reports stated that 276 members of the clergy had been put on trial; they were priests, brothers, and lay members of "third orders." The drive centered in Coblenz.

The Rev. Peter B. Duffee, O.F.M.,

of St. Francis of Assisi Church in New York, after receiving authentic information relayed through Amsterdam, prepared a statement for the N. C. W. C. News Service, showing that many of the witnesses produced by the Government were inmates of asylums for the mentally afflicted, a number of whom suffered from abnormal sexual psychoses. In other cases, priests were summoned on sick calls and evidence against them deliberately "framed." Other more vicious means were resorted to to secure the "evidence" used to convict innocent men. Father Duffee wrote: "The Nazi Government selected the Franciscan Province of the Rhineland for the first persecution of slander, because the Franciscans wielded a great influence over the people of the district. The Franciscans of that particular province have monasteries in Cologne, Dusseldorf, Bonn, Aachen and in many other cities along the river Rhine. Cologne is the archiepiscopal See of Cardinal Schulte, the leader of Catholic Action in Germany.

A dignified protest was drawn up and signed early in June by a group of forty-eight American Protestant and Jewish clergymen. The statement pointed out that "since every vestige of a free German Catholic press has long since disappeared, no information can be obtained from any source not identified with the German Propaganda Office." The group protested vigorously "against the almost unique brutality and unfairness of the most recent attack launched by the government of Germany, charging Catholic clergy with gross immorality." "Nazism," they continued, "is apparently seeking the destruction of all spiritual freedom and the uprooting of all religious tradition. For our part, being as we are, men dedicated to the principle of liberty of conscience, the present protest against Hitlerite tyranny in this area seems therefore an inescapable and necessary action."

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

JUST as we are going to press news has reached us of the death in London on June 14th of Gilbert K. Chesterton. We will carry a general appreciation of his life and works in our next issue.

May his soul rest in peace!

Our Contributors

In October, 1934, Major, then Captain, Fergus Kernan ("Feudalism, Fascism — or Democracy?") gave us his first contribution, a penetrating article on the "Peregrinations of Authority." At that time we outlined the Major's distinguished career, the circumstances of which explain his somewhat unusual combination of scholar and soldier. Stationed at Madison Barracks, N. Y., Major Kernan's military duties take him to all parts of the country, which journeyings give him an opportunity to study the mind of the people as he goes. He writes for many of our magazines here and also for the newly founded *The Social Order*, published in India. He is a convert to the Faith.

True in its essentials, if a bit cynical, Beatrice Bradshaw Brown's "Sir Philip" has the French setting she chooses for so many of her stories. In February, Miss Brown completed her second year in the Church, convinced that "of course, I never should have been anywhere else." One of our most talented short story writers, she is likewise an adept essayist.

There is always much to be said of that interesting but complicated period of history in which "Erasmus of Rotterdam" was such a powerful influence. And the Rev. Albert R. Bandini always gives us much food for thought and a decided point of view. Our readers will be glad to know that he has just published a collection of his essays, *Life Is Too Short*, many of which appeared originally in our pages, and others in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, *Thought*, *Columbia*, *Extension*, *The Magnificat*, and *The Sign*. Father Bandini, a Florentine by birth, is Pastor of St. Rose's Church, Crockett, Calif.

Clarence J. Enzler gives us in "Sociology in the Catholic College," a sequel to his article in our March issue, "Wanted — Christian Social Science." He has adapted it from a paper presented at a convention of sociologists of the Mid-West held at Des Moines in April. Mr. Enzler is Professor of Sociology at the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.

Wending his way slowly home from the Orient with Mrs. Bennett, James W. Bennett in "Peking Fantastics" recalls for us a social life which he knows intimately from long residence in China. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are now in France, but expect to be back in New York late in August.

Our first new contributor this month, Rev. Laurence J. Smith, a Texan by birth, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo., in 1907, and after the usual course of studies was ordained in 1923. For the past seven years he has been teaching American Church History, Patrology and Homiletics at St. Mary's Seminary, Mundelein, Ill.

Having done graduate work at the University of Wisconsin for several terms, Ruth Katherine Byrns ("With Good Luggage")

came to New York last year to teach Psychology in the Fordham University Graduate School. She writes both fact and fiction for us.

WINIFRED HEATH ("Michelangelo"), an English woman embued with a wanderlust that has brought her through many European countries and into nearly every State in the Union, has been settled for the past few years in San Diego, Calif. Her poems and articles have been published in many Western periodicals, in *The Churchman* and *The London Bookman*, etc. It was as a poet that we first made her acquaintance some five years ago.

WE are sure that BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON'S "The Lure of Illiteracy" will strike as responsive a note in the minds of many worried parents and educators, as did her "Our Vanishing Vocabulary," printed in our August, 1934, number. The latter has been enthusiastically received, especially in our Catholic colleges. Miss Thompson holds her B.S. from Columbia, and her M.A. from the University of Rochester, in which latter institution she has given courses in Children's Literature. Her most recent book, *With Harp and Lute*, an anthology for Catholic children, has been much appreciated.

IT is three years since we have had anything from the pen of JEAN CAMERON who will be remembered as the author of "While Shepherds Watched" in our December, 1931, number. She has also contributed to our Ball and the Cross Department, and is well known in Western magazines. She makes her home in Spokane, Wash.

OUR poems are few but very choice this month. Modesty prevented GERTRUDE JANE (Mrs. L. A.) CODD from telling us that "The Golden Flame" won first prize in the yearly contest of the Washington Catholic Poetry Society. WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH'S genius transmutes even a "Lesson in Economics" into sheer poetry; he is at present busy with his exacting life of Philip II. to be brought out later by Sheed & Ward. Dr. Walsh will have to look to his laurels. His daughter, Betsy, at the recent Commencement exercises at the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, was awarded the first prize in the Poetry Contest conducted by Kappa Gamma Pi, the national honorary sorority for graduates of Catholic colleges for women. SISTER M. PIERRE BOUCHER'S talent ("I Shall Not Close the Door") not only as a writer but as an inspirer of writers has been fittingly recognized by the award to her and one of her pupils of the Bread Loaf scholarships, given every year by Middlebury College for marked creative and pedagogical ability. Furthermore, of the six papers entered by Sister M. Pierre's students, two poems won honorable mention, being among the top group of fourteen poems from which the prize winners were selected. The judges in the contest are the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

New Books

A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. H. Hayes.—Mexican Martyrdom. By Wilfrid Parsons.—No God Next Door. By Michael Kenny, S.J., Ph.D., Litt.D.—Parnell's Faithful Few. By Margaret Leamy.—Under the Axe of Fascism. By Gaetano Salvemini.—Sparkenbroke. By Charles Morgan.—The Living Jefferson. By James Truslow Adams.—Flowers of Evil. From the French of Charles Beaudelaire by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay.—Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. By Henry Adams.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.

A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $10.00.

"By the sixteenth century Europe possessed a remarkable unity. The mass of its inhabitants . . . thought of themselves as . . . associates in a commonwealth. They . . . called it Christendom." With this picture of a state of civilization almost unimaginable to-day, Mr. Hayes's comprehensive, finely-proportioned, lucid and illuminating survey of the history of modern Europe opens. The section headings of the first chapters indicate the vast cycle through which the "Christendom" of four hundred years ago has passed. It is startling to realize what developments have followed on the "Rise of National Patriotism," "The Overseas Explorations," the "Rise of Modern Capitalism," "The Invention of Printing," "Scientific Development" and the "Rise of Protestant Churches." Through these and through all the other movements of four centuries, especially the intellectual and cultural, Professor Hayes leads us with clear vision and unfaltering step. It is an achievement even more notable, perhaps, than one is apt to realize. The writer of a biography, or even of the history of a country or a movement, will find his subject partly shaped for him. But one who properly surveys all the activities of the peoples of Europe, and especially the wellsprings of their feelings, thoughts and aims, must command, not only great knowledge and insight, but remarkable judgment. Such judgment is hardly possible to one whose thought is not grounded in genuine philosophy.

One has only to compare Mr. Hayes's work with other surveys, past and present, to realize how philosophical it is. Free from those assumptions concerning progress and retrogression in the affairs of men, which have rendered so many books on history tendential and of ephemeral value, his book is clearly the work of one who is content to portray the working out of a great plan. Hence the reader gains the sensation of looking down on a very complicated and yet ordered world, where seed-time, harvest and decay come naturally and in preparation for a new cycle. Hence the learning of an Erasmus or a

Marx, the writings of a Shakespeare or a Shaw, the discoveries of a Copernicus or an Einstein, the sculpture of a Ghiberti or a Mestrovic, the statesmanship of a Cromwell or a Stalin, the philosophy of a Bruno or a James, the religion of a Calvin or a Newman, each is treated with that scholarly detachment which alone makes history authoritative.

Since the first volume has already been noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, special attention must be given to the second. Here Mr. Hayes portrays the civilization which is our own and that of our immediate forbears. First he leads us through the "Liberal and Romantic Europe" of a century ago, the optimistic Europe which was reacting against the sterile rationalism of the "enlightenment," struggling to realize some of the new ideas that were disseminated from France during the revolutionary and Napoleonic era, and developing new classes and new class interests through the spread of the industrial revolution. Then, in the seventies, we enter "Democratic and Realist Europe," where the "realism" of Bismarck is matched by that of Marx; where democracy seems to flourish; but where industry and militarism, materialism and positivism slowly eclipse most of the hopes and principles, the ideals and beliefs of the preceding four decades. Many great natural scientists undertake to prove that the universe is purely mechanistic; and Europe's "realistic" statesmen, blindly but surely, lead her to the World War. With the outbreak of this conflict, rendered so hideous by lies and hate, we emerge into the "Embattled and Nationalist World" which we know far too well. But here, more than ever, do we require a guide; and Mr. Hayes supplies our need as well as any contemporary could hope to do. What irony is here! Men, bewitched by material "progress," believe that they have reached the "climax of enlightenment"; believe that wealth, education, liberty and democracy are about to solve every problem, and create something like a terrestrial paradise. Their optimism survives even the ferocity, the lies and hatred of the War. But the aftermath brings bitter disillusionment. In most of Europe belief in liberty and democracy, in the possibility of disarmament and peace gives way; and demagogic dictators, to whom these things are anathema, rally bewildered masses to the new religion of "statocracy." The "Christendom" of four hundred years ago has seemingly disappeared. But Mr. Hayes reminds us that we must look back at history, and must also look beneath political phenomena for other signs. The arts still flourish to give consolation to the world; the greatest contemporary scientists are shaking the confidence of the scientific world in its ability to demonstrate the existence of a mechanistic universe; and the Catholic Church, alone among Christian bodies, "seems to have gained rather than lost strength during the past quarter-century."

In a volume of such scope, and one covering a period regarding which final conclusions are especially difficult, any reviewer would find room for question or disagreement here or there. His pencil might linger, for example, over the treatment of British parties in the first half of the century, over the failure to give more emphasis to labor disputes in Louis Philippe's monarchy or the position occupied by the

Jews in Austria, over the account of Germany's attitude toward the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. But his disagreement would be more concerning emphasis and interpretation than concerning facts; and he would have to remember that omissions and over-simplifications are inevitable in such a work. Moreover, the well-selected and up-to-date bibliography, the superb illustrations, and the attractive (if sometimes over-simplified) maps provided by Mr. T. H. Thomas must deepen his realization that this book is an extraordinary *tour de force*.

H. C. F. B.

Mexican Martyrdom. By Wilfrid Parsons. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

No God Next Door. By Michael Kenny, S.J., Ph.D., Litt.D. New York: William J. Hirten Co. 25 cents.

The simplest way to describe Father Parsons' book is to say that it is a summary account of the religious persecution in Mexico, written by a man who had access to virtually all possible sources of information, except the archives of the Mexican Government; who had personal contact with Mexicans of high and low degree, both partisans of the Government and Catholics, and who knows most of the Americans prominent in Church or State connected with the recent history of Mexico. He tells the outcome of his personal investigations in a calm, judicial way, more acceptable and immeasurably more effective than any special pleading possibly could be. As a result his book, designed to give American readers a vivid picture of the present scene in Mexico, fulfills this purpose admirably.

It is not intended as a work of scholarship or of controversy, but on the other hand it is not a detached and distant presentation of facts. It is rather a very human story, animated with sympathy for a suffering people and conveying to the reader a sense of the author's perfect sincerity and thorough knowledge of the facts described. Hardly any intelligent American will rise from the reading of it without having been touched, puzzled and at least a little bit ashamed.

Convinced by Mr. Dwight E. Morrow, our late Ambassador to Mexico with whom he was acquainted and with whom he discussed the Mexican situation, that our administration was irrevocably committed to the support of the Mexican Government, Father Parsons concluded that armed resistance in Mexico to the present civil injustice and religious persecution could never be successful. This conclusion of his throws light on the question which has puzzled a good many people, namely, why the influence of the Catholic leaders was thrown in so strongly against the militaristic party. Father Parsons states that with the exception of one man, the Bishop of Huejutla, the whole Mexican hierarchy unanimously opposed the use of armed force. Against the determined stand of the United States, they recognized that the policy of armed resistance would be suicidal.

An interesting page tells of the famous "leak" attributed to Archbishop Ruiz, which supposedly precipitated the rupture of an agreement freshly made between the Church and the Mexican Government in 1928. Father Parsons gives chapter and verse to prove that the alleged interview never took place. Nobody seems to know how the

"fake" got started, but it is still going the rounds and Mr. Harold Nicolson, the author of Mr. Morrow's biography, still accepts it at face value.

Shorter, less elaborate and much less restrained than Father Parsons' book, Father Kenny's little volume—based upon articles previously published in *The Baltimore Review*—deals largely with the historical background of recent events in Mexico. It gives a detailed account of the rôle played by our Ambassador, Joel R. Poinsett, who in 1927 introduced the Masonic York Rite Lodge into Mexico and fomented revolution there. Catholics who would like to have something ready to say when they encounter bitter criticism of the Church in Mexico, or when they hear the Mexican Government praised enthusiastically for its progressive policy, will find excellent material in Father Kenny's pages. After reading the book they will recall with amusement, if not with irritation, the statements made by persons like Ralph Adams Cram who, after a superficial inspection of conditions in Mexico, publish their views to the world.

Justly indignant at the crimes and hypocrisy of the Mexican Government, Father Kenny vigorously, at times violently, denounces them. His book is really a lengthy brief justifying the indictment of the Mexican Government presented by Dr. Charles MacFarland, Secretary Emeritus of the General Council of Churches, who said that without question the Mexican State *is* persecuting religion and that "for the Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador to the United States to reiterate denials is as disingenuous as it is inept." J. McS.

Parnell's Faithful Few. By Margaret Leamy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Margaret Leamy is the widow of Edmund Leamy, that eloquent parliamentarian, editor of *United Ireland* and writer of lovely fairy tales, who clung to his fallen leader to the last. Well acquainted with Mr. Parnell, the author has been able to afford us a number of interesting personal details of the dark days that intervened between the hearing of the O'Shea-Parnell Divorce Case and the death of "the uncrowned king" in 1891. Mrs. O'Shea is described as follows:

"She was a very beautiful woman, fascinating to a degree, and certainly must have had marvelous magnetism to have won over one so unapproachable and icily indifferent to the fair sex as Parnell. She was tall and dark, with a Grecian nose, and a mouth expressive of tenderness and sweetness; her eyes were sad and wistful and her head was crowned with a wealth of soft, glossy, dark hair. She had charming manners, and one quality she possessed in a marked degree—like unto Shakespeare's Cordelia—her voice was 'gentle and low.' She was, of course, never *persona grata* in Ireland, and did not venture over; the anti-Parnellites did not mix mercy with their denunciation—indeed their language in reference to her was unspeakably vile."

Frankly partisan in her view of the issues under discussion, Mrs. Leamy contributes nothing towards healing those old, still rankling wounds of the great feud; in fact, she may even have reopened some. By implication at least she charges the whole Irish hierarchy to a man,

with promoting a policy disloyal and fatal. She attributes base motives to those who differed with Parnell. She gives no indication that she regards Parnell as blameworthy at all, although his best friends might well wish that he had recognized his own responsibility for the disaster. Even Edmund Leamy advised retirement; yet Parnell refused.

It is a chatty book, never for a moment heavy, and the second half is made up of literary reliques of persons connected with the Movement, including several items not elsewhere published or at least, not easy to find.

The publisher bears the responsibility of presenting the book without a table of contents or chapter titles, and of having passed a quotation from Tim Harrington's American Diary which appears on pages 51 and 321, in two different forms, reading in the one case "Dillon and Cashel," and in the other, "Dublin and Cashel." J. McS.

Under the Axe of Fascism. By Gaetano Salvemini. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

In reading this slashing indictment of Mussolini and his Fascist State, we must remember that Professor Salvemini has been for years the most bitter enemy of the Fascist *régime*—an enmity that caused his exile from Florence. We are listening throughout this volume to the charge of the prosecuting attorney.

The author's thesis is as follows: The *coup d'état* of October, 1922, was based on the myth that Fascism had slain the red dragon of Communism. Four years later Mussolini, confident of his dictatorial powers, discarded the anti-Bolshevist myth for the legend of a new social system—the Corporative State—which was to supersede the outmoded institutions of a futile democracy. This Corporative State is nonexistent, but is promised in an indefinite future.

Most of the social activities lauded to the skies by Fascists as wondrous new gifts of Mussolini to the ever grateful Italian people are legacies of ante-Fascist days. The flatterers of the present *régime* maintain that nothing was done in the way of social reform before Mussolini, and that he has solved every possible industrial problem!

Salvemini holds that the Fascists have not solved the problem of unemployment; that they have not bettered housing conditions, save in some show projects in Milan and Rome; that they have deprived the worker of the right to strike for better hours and wages, and as a matter of fact have increased the hours of the working day, lowered the rate of wages, and done little or nothing to lessen the cost of living. The autonomous labor union as we know it in the United States is unknown in Italy. Workers circulating a leaflet against the nine-hour day have been condemned to four years' imprisonment for their boldness. In a word Fascism, despite its panegyrists at home and abroad, has solved none of the problems of the modern industrial State. What it has accomplished has been done at the cost of all intellectual and political liberty.

As for the Ethiopian war, Salvemini holds that it was not willed either by the army or by big business. It was willed by Mussolini and the Fascist leaders to restore the prestige of the *régime* injured by the economic crisis of the world depression, and to dispose of the

many restive members of the left wing Fascists. He writes: "The latter were called one by one to the local Fascist headquarters, were told to their astonishment that they had signed a petition as volunteers to Africa, and that the *Duce* had done them the honor of accepting their request! The Ethiopian War was a purge like the one in Germany on June 30, 1934, but on a larger scale." D. L. C.

Sparkenbroke. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75.

It is hardly surprising that this book has taken four years for the writing; everywhere in it are evident persistent care in the marshaling of turbulent thought, along with that meticulous precision, that mastery of technique, by which art goes masked as ease. These four years which have intervened since *The Fountain* startled a world of best-seller readers, mark a period of obvious development in Mr. Morgan. He is still engaged in a passionate search for truth, in a struggle to disentangle the conflicts he sees in the relationship between spirit and matter. He goes a long way about reaching his goal—this novel has two hundred and twenty thousand words—and to the Catholic whose heritage is the wisdom of ages it will seem that he has not reached it even so, but his search is apparently sincere and determined, and who knows where it may lead him eventually? In this book there are glimmerings of light and suggestions that he has begun at least to notice signposts and the warnings of experienced travelers.

Sparkenbroke, the leading character, is a poet whose life is one long thirst for ecstasy; like Keats, he is convinced of the truth of imagination; and he is intent on verifying his belief that ecstasy—liberation from material bonds—can be experienced through three media, Poetry, Love and Death. The essential unity of truth must underlie all three, he thinks, and to enjoy to the full any one of the three, in it single-mindedness and finality must be achieved. In the making of his poems he has found, within limitations, this "lifting of the curtain," and he has penetrating glimpses of the heights in his speculations on death, but when he seeks love he finds the path strewn with very material barriers indeed! So far is he from a conception of the true nature of love that he grasps at every mirrored illusion of it, turning his back upon the real so that he may the more easily reach toward the false. He has an aptitude for contemplation, but lacks the necessary subject: he calls it Finality, and it is a dead thing in his hands—he does not realize that it springs to life when we call it God; and in his painful efforts to find this subject in a creature he is constantly frustrated by the discovery that so small and frail a vessel cannot contain the Infinite.

Less sensual than the amatory passages in *The Fountain*, several scenes in this book, even when taken as evidence of the intensity of struggle and as measure of the final victory, offend by an insistence on physical explicitness. The imperviousness to moral danger and the toying with temptation are irritating, and of course the guiding principles are "instincts of decency" rather than recognition of moral responsibility.

Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, is a vivid figure, something

of a Byron in reputation, but at core, pathetically confused rather than irrevocably decadent. Morgan says of him: "He knew that in his approach to no woman had he been the sensualist of his affectation." This is no record of his Anatolian affairs, though it deals with the climax of his life in which two women are concerned. Here and there, the story is incredible, and one longs for even a grain of humor, if only to bring out a better flavor. In it, Morgan has laid himself open to charges of pseudo-mysticism; on the other hand, he indicates that the perfection of religion—should the reader reach that plane in his search for the life of the spirit—is shown forth in Catholicism which claims authority and achieves finality. It is, of course, only for the mature reader. C. A.

The Living Jefferson. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

It is interesting to observe that the problems that bristled with difficulties for Jefferson and Hamilton are still furnishing a measure of perplexity to Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover. Currency manipulation, farm prices, work and wages, neutrality and the threat of foreign war were familiar issues to the voters who were faced with the choice between Federalism and Republicanism shortly after George Washington relinquished the presidency in the young republic. At a time when radicals like Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry were retreating into the citadels of conservatism it was Thomas Jefferson, a liberal by conviction, who continued to advocate larger experiments in the realm of democratic control. In his letters, State papers and official reports no less than in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights the voice of the common man became articulate.

Not that Jefferson ever believed in an unlimited, indiscriminate sharing of power with *every* people under *all* circumstances. James Truslow Adams does a service to the American tradition in pointing out that the father of the Democratic Party was willing to trust the direction of affairs only to those citizens who by a record of experience and achievement had shown themselves worthy of legislative or administrative responsibility. Naturally the principle of liberty enunciated in this formula does not contain the germs of dictatorship or totalitarianism.

This is by no means a biography of Thomas Jefferson or even an historical analysis of his age. Rather is it a thoughtful, generous appreciation of the liberal Americanism of a leader whose influence still pulsates strongly through the legislative and judicial halls of the nation. In that sense **The Living Jefferson** is an ideological biography. It is to be regretted that an interpreter with such skill in striking the popular taste as J. T. Adams, should be superficial in his philosophy of "natural rights." A sound understanding of the natural law as the basis of good government is the touchstone to a solution of many of our political and economic dilemmas. It may prove to be a far more effective check to bureaucratic centralization than the militant Bourbonism of the Liberty League.

In a final chapter Mr. Adams essays a slashing attack on the New Deal. Although the facts and figures marshaled in this assault are

irreproachably accurate, they are scarcely adapted to round out the picture of Jefferson so ably presented in the preceding pages. The author would have vindicated his popularity and counterbalanced his partisanship by devoting this chapter to his criticism of an unrepresentative Congress. The crisis of the hour is accentuated not by the presence of an Alexander Hamilton in the White House but by the fact that we have too few followers of Thomas Jefferson in the House and Senate. J. F. T.

Flowers of Evil. From the French of Charles Baudelaire. By George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75.

Just about half a century ago *vers libre* was born in France from a revolt against the tyranny of the alexandrine or hexameter. Now by a curious reaction, we find two of our conspicuously modern poets—one of them the ranking woman lyrist of the United States—giving us a volume cast almost wholly in that form. To be sure, it is a book of seventy-two translations from Baudelaire upon which Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon have collaborated with enthusiasm perhaps worthy of a greater cause. For, as Miss Millay points out in her preface, the long alexandrine has never fitted very comfortably into English verse except at the end of a Spenserian stanza. This technical problem was the first difficulty confronting the translators.

The second lay in the personal characteristics of Baudelaire's work. That unhappy and decadent Parisian happened to be at his best a fine and subtle poet—at his worst a sentimental, obscene and perverse one: so perverse that, as everybody knows, the first edition of *Fleurs de Mal* was promptly confiscated by the French police. To-day even its decadence seems obviously "dated." Contemporaries of Mr. Dillon and Miss Millay do not—unless they belong to the extreme Left Wing of a primitive Russian or Mexican society—enjoy diabolism, and find a "Litany to Satan" almost more absurd than blasphemous. The most defiant of our generation are less interested in evil than in having their own way. And remembering the revolutionary influence upon modern French verse of the great trio, Verlaine, Mallarmé and Rimbaud, I should question Miss Millay's assertion that Baudelaire was "the most widely read poet of France," just as I should question a French critic who declared that Poe was still the most popular poet in the United States.

But have the translators succeeded in this matter of Englishing Baudelaire? Naturally, the answer must be largely a question of opinion or intuition—but it is one which the Americans candidly invite by publishing the French text opposite their own version. To the present reviewer the result does not often seem really happy, although it has obviously been a labor of tremendous love. Miss Millay has made a charming version of the celebrated *"Invitation au Voyage"*; but in most cases the loose run-over line defeats the essential formality of the alexandrine. And is not "The servant that we had, you were so jealous of," rather a barbarous rendering of *"La servante au grand cœur dont vous étiez jalouse"*? Perhaps both Edna Millay and George Dillon are too downright in their emotional methods to transpose the artificiali-

ties of poor Baudelaire. One cannot help wishing their energies might flow into the development of original work instead. K. B.

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. By Henry Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

The reprint of this great book is very much to be welcomed. Henry Adams had it privately printed thirty years ago, and in 1913 Ralph Adams Cram with difficulty persuaded him to allow it to be published under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects. But it was too expensive to have a general circulation. Now at last it is issued at a price that should give it the popularity it deserves.

Primarily it is a study of early Gothic architecture, but it is much more than that. For it is an attempt to interpret the whole of the intellectual and spiritual life of the eleventh and twelfth centuries in France in terms of architectural design. Theology and philosophy stand as pillars. The pointed arch and the vault symbolize mysticism. And the windows of stained glass glow like poetry. Mont-Saint-Michel represents the masculinity of the time, Chartres the femininity.

The whole thing is an astounding *tour de force* which, while perhaps it exhibits the life of the Middle Ages more vividly than does any other book, is too neatly patterned, too fanciful, to be accepted without reserve. There is no harm in imagining Taillefer chanting the Song of Roland before Duke William and his guest, Harold, in the great hall of St. Michael's Mountain; on the contrary this becomes at once an illumination of the *Chanson* and of the Mount, though there is no historical warrant for the charming fancy. Where the danger lies is that the unwary may believe too implicitly all that Henry Adams has to say about the worship of the Virgin at Chartres: "She began to overshadow the Trinity itself," "The Trinity was absorbed in her." And this he connects with "courtly love," being careful, however, in doing so to omit all reference to the scandalous features of that system.

"If you are to get the full enjoyment of Chartres, you must, for the time," writes Mr. Adams, "believe in Mary as Bernard and Adam did." More than a make-believe Faith he unfortunately never had. So that though his study has immense erudition and charm, as it is a glorious work of art; though it concludes with a noble essay on the synthesis of St. Thomas Aquinas considered as triumphant architecture, its skepticism, sympathetic as it is, remains skepticism, and, being such, cannot fully interpret the spiritual passion of either Mont-Saint-Michel or Chartres. Yet there can be no question as to the grandeur of Henry Adams's imaginative effort, and for this many generations will be deeply in his debt. T. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **Education Before Verdun.** By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton (New York: The Viking Press. $2.50). The Jew Bertin of Zweig's other war novels, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* and *Young Woman of 1914* appears again in this. Bertin entered the War full of enthusiasm for Germany's cause, but he was "educated" in the folly,

waste and evil of war, as the Germans were fighting their losing battle at Verdun—"his aspirations lay in ashes." The book is a most bitter indictment of war, and a lurid picture of its horrors. While the author gives due meed of praise to the bravery of a few officers and men, he stresses on every page the injustice, brutality, dishonesty and lust of the vast majority. The Catholic Bavarians are the villains of the piece, while the atheist and the unbelieving Jew come in for all the glory. A Catholic chaplain gives a decision on a marriage annulment that has no warrant whatever in canon law, and a Catholic nurse commits adultery to give spice to the narrative. We are told that Zweig spent eight years writing this book, the manuscript of which was confiscated by the German government. It was finished in Palestine, and some of the bitterness of an enforced exile breathes in its vivid pages.

Bones of Contention. By Frank O'Connor (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75). Although we fail to see eye to eye with Gerald Gould who finds passages worthy of Turgenev and De Maupassant in the short stories of Frank O'Connor, we must needs grant him a share of that Irish magic which he mentions in his Epilogue. Satire, humor, sentiment, and burlesque play their parts in these pages, but the book on the whole leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Just as we were indignant at the stage Irishman of years ago, so we are bored to death with the vulgar men and women portrayed in many an Irish story of to-day. Frank O'Connor delights in sketching drunkards, bootleggers, thieves and women of ill repute; his priests are vulgar and ill mannered; his peasants have the veneer of Catholicity, but little of its solid faith and devotion. When a certain English noble on a visit to this country spoke at dinner of the vulgarity of the American people, he was met with a merited rebuke by his hostess: "You must have had very poor letters of introduction." What kind of company did Frank O'Connor keep in Ireland?

Up in the Hills. By Lord Dunsany (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00). It is a grand piece of fooling—this mock military history of Young Mickey Connor's private war in the hills above Cranogue in April of 1922. Amid so much delicious wit, dialogue, and play of fancy, you may overlook the one serious strain of irony if you prefer; it is woven firmly but, for the most part, inconspicuously into the soft gay pattern of the tale. But for all that, Lord Dunsany is pretty clearly suggesting to his countrymen that the departure of the English has not been pure gain and that the forces of government are likely to prove humorless and a bit grim, whatever uniform they wear. There is an odd relaxed quality about this book. Lord Dunsany seems to have put his whole heart only into the parts which make us see the countryside itself and spring stealing over it. He says once of Mickey's men: "They sat there bathing their minds in the beauty of Ireland." The choicest parts of the book are those in which he seems to be doing that himself.

Christina. By Claude Houghton (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50). The destructive force of jealousy forms the basis of this strange tale. Peter Brand, a vigorous self-made man, finds release

from the rigors of success in his romantic devotion to his beautiful and gracious young wife, Christina. The shock of her sudden death is followed by a further and more devastating blow—his accidental discovery of a bundle of love-letters to an unknown person, written in her hand. The novel is a psychological study of the mental processes and course of action which result. The reader can hardly fail to guess the truth about the letters from the start, but if he can be generous enough to brush aside incredulity on this point, he will find much that is clever, gripping and thought-provoking in the rest.

The Rolling Years. By Agnes Sligh Turnbull (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Another rural American novel of considerable length, this book gives an accurate if not too stirring picture of life in three generations of a Presbyterian Pennsylvania Community from 1852 to 1910. It is very correct, in a literal sort of way, and the characters almost come to life, but over it all hangs a hampering sense of old newspaper files and costume cases in a museum of Americana. It has, however, a pleasant homeliness and a tone so wholesome as to be noteworthy in these days of murky novels, and it emphasizes the integrity of simpler folk and their unvarying sense of dependence on God.

Dust Over the Ruins. By Helen Ashton (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Here we have a light and faintly amusing story of the type familiar to movie fans. Five people, whose business is archæology, spend some months in too close association in a remote Arabian "dig." An irresistible enchantress, a cave-man husband and a romantic youth become the inevitable triangle. One doesn't care much what happens to any of them.

In the Second Year. By Storm Jameson (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). The title chosen for this story refers to its setting in the imaginary England of a possible future dictatorship. Events are seen, for the greater part, through the eyes of a colorless observer, Andrew Hillier, who is a professor in some Norwegian university and has returned to England for a visit to his family and friends at the beginning of the story; but the author uses her right to independent omniscience at times when the mediumship of Andy does not suffice. As a novel, the book is moderately skillful; as a political essay, it follows so closely the lines of actual events in Europe that a mere change of country does not seem reason enough for making fiction out of fact. The particular warning that Storm Jameson evidently feels impelled to sound for her countrymen does small justice to their own imaginative faculties. In accordance with the theme, the general tone is one of disillusion and despair.

MISCELLANEOUS: **A History of Science, Technology and Philosophy in the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries.** By A. Wolf with the Co-operation of F. Dannemann and A. Armitage (New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.00). As a record of the achievements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in science and technology this volume will prove invaluable to the student. Seven hundred crowded pages give details of all the important discoveries of the period in both these fields. When the writer goes out of his

province and ventures into the realms of philosophy and theology he manifests ignorance and prejudice. He gives utterance to the usual nonsense in the Galileo case, declaring against all evidence that the Roman congregations which condemned Galileo, issued *infallible* decrees. In comparing medieval with modern thought the author more than once speaks of "the arbitrary boundaries of dogmas prescribed by authority," and, without the slightest proof, asserts that "the chief obstacle in the path of science during the Middle Ages was the Church." Special praise is due the three hundred illustrations and diagrams, and the select bibliography incorporated in the text. Professor Wolf promises two other volumes: one on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and another on ancient and medieval times.

The Lost Generation. By Maxine Davis (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This author's fellow journalists have already damned her book with unwarranted praise. It is a hasty expansion of her articles in *McCall's Magazine* and the *Washington Post*. She had been assigned to tour the United States for four months and study at firsthand the individual and group problems of unemployed young people. If she had done only this and then collaborated with a competent rewrite man, her book would have been short, unified and, within its modest limits, authoritative. To beat her competitors in the race for publication, she has padded her chapters with hasty interpretations of the very statistics that admittedly bore her. To disarm this sort of criticism, she has added a badly written preface. When the harried reporter daily pronounces rash judgments on social, political, domestic, and religious problems, we can smile charitably. When he writes a book, we sometimes wince. Breezy colloquialisms, halfed sentences, and staccato paragraphs are inacceptable substitutes for the elaborate organization and clear expression of profound thought. As a case book, **The Lost Generation** is valuable—but only to warier thinkers than the author.

Bewildered Patient. By Marian Staats Newcomer (New York: Hale, Cushman & Flint. $1.75). This book is not intended to be a substitute for medical consultation, but to promote coöperation between physician and patient and then again to act as a corrective to the false or inadequate notions about matters connected with health which the average American seems inevitably to absorb. To say that the author is a woman, a wife, a physician, reverent in her outlook upon life, scientific in her approach to each subject discussed, simple and clear in the expression of her views, is to affirm that she combines qualifications rare indeed, but of singular importance in this sort of enterprise. These chapters demonstrate thorough training, wide experience, native common sense. The book is delightfully free of affectation, pedantry, sensationalism. The author writes calmly and convincingly on: diet, constipation, sex, first aid, medical expenses, the private medicine cabinet, the question of choosing a physician and scores of other practical points. Of the various attempts on the part of physicians to give the laity a working knowledge of daily medical matters, it is not easy to name another equally successful.

Yale Literary Magazine. Centen-

nial Number, 1936 (New Haven: Yale University Press). The Old Lady in Brown—that is, The Yale Literary Magazine—is hereby heartily congratulated. The Centennial Number contains simple evidence of the literary vigor that has accomplished such a feat of longevity as few editors dare to dream of. About forty alumni, including Stephen Vincent Benét, Archibald MacLeish, Sinclair Lewis, William Lyon Phelps, Thornton Wilder and Philip Barry, have contributed at least their very best second best to celebrate the anniversary.

Charm Never Fails. By Antoinette Donnelly (New York: A. L. Glaser & Co. $1.00). The reader will find a good deal of common sense and latent idealism in the advice given by Antoinette Donnelly as to the best way to cultivate charm. Her book deserves to be commended to a wide circle of readers, old as well as young; and one of its best lessons is on the importance of the habit of relaxing.

The Right Thing. By William O. Stevens (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50). Mr. Stevens undertakes to recommend what may be called a code of natural morality to that large percentage of the present generation, which is not interested in religion, and "does not take seriously the old theological wrappings." Naturally he cannot go deeply into the question of the ultimate basis of moral conduct, but it is equally true that a great many of his readers would have no interest in such a discussion. In any event, the practical advice he gives is along the right line.

Good Manners. By Beth Bailey McLean, M.S. (Peoria, Ill.: The Manual Arts Press. $1.00). The student adviser of the high school at Evanston, Ill., writes a little book intended to help young people to be well mannered, and wisely says that good manners will come naturally if one is thoughtful and considerate of the rights of others. Very simple and practical, well divided, easy to read and not too exacting, it should be a welcome aid to all who are interested in bringing up children in the way they should go.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS. — **An Introduction to Mexico**, by Anna Dill Gamble, Rev. R. A. McGowan and the Latin America Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace, gives very fully yet compactly the tragic story of Mexico. It provides an interpretation as well as an introduction for all who will, to see situations and problems in this lovely land with "a seeing eye" (Washington, D. C., 10 cents).

Rev. Vernon Johnson interprets with penetration and charm **The Message of St. Teresa of Lisieux**, leading the reader step by step along her "Little Way of Spiritual Childhood"; **St. Thomas More at Home**, by Mrs. Blundell of Crosby; **Charles de Foucauld**, by M. R. Hoste; **St. Francis Xavier**, by Rev. C. C. Martindale; **St. Peregrine Laziosi**, by a member of the Order of the Servants of Mary, provide life stories of the deepest interest and a fascinating demonstration of the ways of God in the fashioning of Saints to fit the place and the need. The conversion of **Father Philip Fletcher**, his organization of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, and his many other apostolic activities are related by G. Elliot Anstruther. Reprints are **Benediction and Te Deum** and **The Converts' Aid Society**

(London: Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

What is Life?, by Rev. James F. Cunningham, C.S.P., and Journey and Journey's End, by Rev. Walter Sullivan, C.S.P., fitly form the first issues of a series of "Design for Living"; Rev. John Overend, C.S.P., has compiled a very complete Preparation for Confirmation, providing all necessary doctrinal and liturgical information, the rite of the Sacrament, prayers before and after; St. John Baptist de La Salle, by Brother Angelus of Manhattan College, gives a very intimate and attractive picture of the educator Saint. It is not surprising to find one as devoted to intellectual youth as Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D., retelling the magnetic story of Saint Augustine, the "Light of Africa" and indeed of the Church Universal; through her Visits to Theresa Neumann, Elizabeth Marable Brennan, LL.D., affords us a very personal introduction to this favored modern mystic. A Passionist Father presents, "for Catholic High School Students," A Catechism of Communism, calculated to give a clear notion of the exaggerations and basic evils of the Communistic philosophy and procedure (New York: The Paulist Press, 5 cents each).

I Was a Communist, by Alexei B. Liberov, is an interview in which an ex-Communist paints the lurid picture of real conditions in Soviet Russia (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society, 10 cents).

Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., shows What Catholicism and Communism Have in Common and their unalterable lines of divergence; the points that "should give us pause" in the choice of Your Partner in Marriage are admirably developed by the same author as also is the effective staying power of Forever and Forever (St. Louis: The Queen's Work, 10 cents each).

The Catholic Mind of April 8th offers a convenient reprint of the "Catholic Authors of Our Times" which resulted from the national plebiscite carried on by *America*, also an analysis of "What is a Catholic Press?" by Michael de la Bedoyère and an unpublished "Letter from Cardinal Newman" to the students of Maynooth College. The April 22d issue contains among other things a tribute to "St. Thomas Aquinas" as the builder of an imperishable monument — the *Summa*, by Rev. W. Coleman Nevils, S.J., and an article by Douglas Woodruff on "Labels That Mislead," such as "Dark Ages," Reformation," etc. In the issues for May the addresses of Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., over Station WLWL, on our economic order, are completed. "Murder Dressed as Mercy" is well-handled by Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J., in the May 8th issue, which also carries an address on "Educational Ideas and Ideals," by Rev. Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J. A thoughtful article on the "Morality of Sterilization" by Doctor Mahoney will be found in the issue of May 22d (New York: The America Press, 5 cents per issue).

The Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference offers a report by Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Ph.D., of the Fifth International Commission For the Improvement of Rural Life, showing likeness and contrast in organization and procedure to this end on the two continents, with special analysis of the noted Belgian Catholic organization of the *Boerenbond* (10 cents). The Cath-

olic Conference on Industrial Problems (Washington, D. C.: 1312 Massachusetts Avenue), in a condensed report of The Syracuse Meeting, gives the kernel of "Catholic Social Teaching" on "Income, Property, Prices," "Organization," "Legislation" and the necessary elements of a "Better Social Order" (10 cents).

The practical implications of the "priesthood of the laity" referred to by St. Peter, are beautifully stated and developed in How Every Christian Can Offer Holy Mass by the Rev. Gregory Rybrook of the Premonstratensians (West De Pere: St. Norbert's Abbey, 5 cents). An analogy between the petitions of our "Lord's Prayer" and the "Seven Last Words" of The Lord's Prayer on the Cross is shown most effectively by Right Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. (Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press, 10 cents).

The most recent Encyclical of His Holiness on The Catholic Priesthood; sketches of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat and of St. Brigid of Ireland, the latter by Alice Curtayne; a very useful Little Book of Indulgences and The Common Sense of Faith, presented in anecdotes by Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., form the output of the Australian Catholic Truth Society (5 cents each).

International Conciliation for April is devoted to the consideration of "Germany and Japan Today." The May issue takes up "The Chaco Arms Embargo," "The French Peace Plan," "Insurance Against War," by Hon. William E. Richardson; "Facing the Future," by Mrs. August Belmont, and "Isolation," by M. J. N. Métaxa (New York: 405 West 117th Street, 5 cents per copy).

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of The Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Thaddeus G.) Armstrong, artist and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

H. C. F. B.: Herbert C. F. Bell, Ph.D., F.R.H.S., Professor of History, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; author of *Palmerston*, etc.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at St. Louis University; associate editor of *Thought* for the department of International Relations and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *The Sacrament of Duty, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

K. B.: Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., *Officier de L'Instruction Publique*, author, dramatic and literary critic, Philadelphia, Pa.; author of *Poets and Pilgrims, From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc*, etc.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and at the Catholic University Summer School, College of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Tex.; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, Preface to Poetry*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton-Century Co., New York:
The World Over. By Edith Wharton. $2.00.
Benziger Bros., New York:
Ellen Ewing. Wife of General Sherman. By Anna McAllister. $3.50.
Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
Gaspé the Romantique. By Olive Willett Clark. $2.00.
Farrar & Rinehart, New York:
The Doctor. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. $2.00.
The Gilmary Society, New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. I. Revised edition. $6.25-$9.00. $100-$160 a set.
Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York:
Collected Poems of T. S. Eliot. 1909-1935. $2.50.
D. C. Heath & Co., New York:
A Modern Reader. Selected and Edited with the Collaboration of Walter Lippmann and Allan Nevins.
Henry Holt & Co., New York:
A Further Range. By Robert Frost. $2.50.
P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Catholic Sunday Missal. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., and Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P. School Edition. 20 cents.
The Macmillan Co., New York:
Dramatis Personæ. By W. B. Yeats. $2.50. *Greater Love.* By John Rathbone Oliver. $2.50. *The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth Century English Poetry.* By Joseph Warren Beach. $5.00. *The Church in France, 1848-1907.* By C. S. Phillips, M.A., D.D. $6.00.
William Morrow & Co., New York:
The Heritage of the Cathedral. By Sartell Prentice. $3.50. *Let the King Beware!* By Honoré Morrow. $2.50.
Oxford University Press, New York:
Thomas De Quincey. By Horace Ainsworth Eaton. $5.00. *The Metropolitan Opera.* By Irving Kolodin. $3.75.
Sheed & Ward, New York:
Religions of Mankind. By Otto Karrer. $3.00. *Sheed & Ward Samplers.* I.-VI. 25 cents each. *In the Likeness of Christ.* By Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., M.A., D.D. $2.50. *God and Mammon.* By François Mauriac. $1.00.
The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. XXVI. Edited by Thomas F. Meehan.
The Vanguard Press, New York:
The Devil Theory of War. By Charles A. Beard. $1.50.
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
What a Word! By A. P. Herbert. $2.00. *The Green Lion.* By Francis Hackett. $2.50.
St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.:
The Gracious Years. By M. Pharo Hilliard. $1.50.
Bruce Humphries, Boston:
Pansies from the King's Garden. By Sister M. Agnes. $1.00.
Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass:
Late Spring. A Translation of Theocritus. By Henry Harmon Chamberlin. $2.50.
B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis:
The Great God. By Very Rev. Tihamer Toth. Translated by V. G. Agotai. Edited by Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. $2.00.
University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
No Friendly Voice. By Robert Maynard Hutchins. $2.00.
The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee:
The Moral Universe. By Fulton J. Sheen. $1.50. *The Greatest Calling.* By the Most Rev. S. Waite, D.D. $1.50. *Ignatius Loyola.* By Robert Harvey, M.A., B.D., D.Th. $2.25.
Banks Upshaw & Co., Dallas, Tex.:
Texas Prose Writings. A Reader's Digest by Sister M. Agatha. $2.00.
Naylor Publishing Co., San Antonio, Tex.:
Early Explorations and Mission Establishments in Texas. By Edward W. Heusinger, F.R.G.S. $2.50.
The Barradas League, San Francisco:
The Economic Organism. By Gerald Barradas.
Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London:
The Fire of Love. By Richard Rolle. Translated by G. C. Heseltine. 7 *s.* 6 *d.* *The Life that is Light.* By the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. 3 vols. 5 *s.* each. *St. Bede the Venerable.* By H. M. Gillett. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* *An International Index of Catholic Biographies.* Compiled by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. Revised and enlarged edition. 10 *s.* 6 *d.* *Knots United of the Latin Psalter.* By Rev. F. Pinkham.
Williams and Norgate, London:
A Catholic Memorial to Lord Halifax and Cardinal Mercier. By the Rev. C. A. Bolton, B.D. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* *The Psychic Powers of Christ.* By J. S. M. Ward. 5 *s.*
Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England:
The Story of the Relics of the Passion. By H. M. Gillett. 4 *s.* 6 *d.*
The Talbot Press, Dublin:
To Victory. By Máire Cotter. 2 *s.* 6 *d.*